

# THE *American Girl*

AUGUST 1948

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# THE American Girl

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Pre-teen

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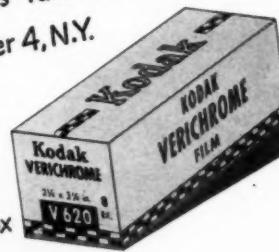
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From Aunt Lolly's window,  
Ginna could see everything

# Adventure at

by VIVIAN BRECK

Illustrated by RICHARD BAUER

UNCLE PUDGE!" Ginna's voice was suddenly shrill. "Wait a minute. Stop the car—please!" She squeezed past Aunt Irma's knees, opened the door, and jumped to the ground. "I'm not going with you. Really, I—" She turned and fled up the road toward home.

Even to please Aunt Lolly she couldn't face seeing Thatch drive up to the dance with Arlene Rae beside him in the yellow jalopy. Thatch had earned the money for that car, banking it dollar by dollar until his sixteenth birthday, when he could get a driver's license. Ginna almost felt that she had earned it too. They had painted the car together—the way they had done everything together all their lives—fishing, swimming, shooting quail and doves, potting squirrels with a twenty-two. But about a month ago they

had quarreled and he had begun to date Arlene. Nothing was fun for Ginna alone—least of all going to a dance with the family.

At the first bend in the road she stepped behind a tree to look back. Evidently they were arguing what to do. Aunt Lolly would be saying, "The rest of you go on. I'll walk back to the ranch and stay with Ginna." Aunt Irma would be annoyed at the delay, while Uncle Pudge would be making cracks about puppy love. Suddenly the car started along the highway. Pop must have said, "Let's go." Pop believed that if you made your bed you should lie in it.

It was a relief to be alone in the dusk. People were no use when you hurt inside. Animals were better. Dinah wouldn't say, "Why cry your eyes out



**Ginna and Thatch had always fished and swum and gone riding together**

about that overgrown towhead, Tim Thatcher?" But her whole body would be one big quiver of cocker ecstasy when her mistress let her out of the barn. Wee One, her pet heifer, would frisk for joy.

Around the next turn in the road stood the spooky old mill. The roof had long since fallen in and all the boards were weathered to the color of a dove's back. No one had ever bothered to cart away the old band saw or the donkey engine, sagging drunkenly on the broken floor. Grandpa Blair had built the mill. But when the big lumber companies had come into Plumas County, he had found it more profitable to work for them than to cut his own timber. Just as Pop and Uncle Pudge worked for a big lumber company, renting out their fields to pasture white-faced Thatcher cattle.

"The Blair men never did have any feel for land," Aunt Lolly said. "It's Irma and I who love the place." And Ginna loved it too. She loved every inch of the creek cutting the meadow turf, the wooded mountains rising up behind the house, the smells of barn and pasture and corral and all the animals that lived in them.

It was Aunt Lolly, Pop's unmarried sister, who had really kept the Blair farm going by turning the old white clapboard house into a guest ranch. City people loved Grandma's braided rugs and patchwork quilts as much as they loved Aunt Lolly's crusty bread, baked fresh every morning, the strawberry preserves and garden cucumbers swimming in thick sour cream. But tonight the house was empty. During the first two weeks

of September, between the summer people and the deer hunters, Aunt Lolly refused all guests. Her vacation, she called it. She washed the quilts and curtains, put up grape jelly, and slapped clean white paint on scuffed woodwork, but it was her vacation. Tonight there wasn't even a light burning on the porch. As a matter of fact, Ginna thought, there probably isn't a soul at home for miles around. Everyone in the valley will have gone to Gray Eagle.

Her hand was on the switch which Pop, tired of barking his shins over stuff people left lying around the yard, had installed to light the way to the barn, when she changed her mind. A faint glow of daylight still hung in the sky—enough to make the white house glow luminously—and Ginna decided she didn't need any light.

As she walked on to let Dinah out of the barn, Wee One came up to the corral fence. Ginna climbed over and put her arms around the soft tan neck, while a moist nose nuzzled her face.

When Wee One was born Pop had been sure the little thing wouldn't live. She couldn't nurse from her mother—in fact, she scarcely seemed to be breathing.

"The calf's yours if you want her," he had said. "Maybe you can raise her on a bottle."

Tenderly Ginna had carried the limp, leggy bundle into the kitchen, where on a bed of sacks beside the stove the little pure-bred Jersey came to life. For days Ginna had set her alarm clock at midnight to feed her baby. When at last Wee One staggered up on wobbly legs they had transferred her to the



barn. But she wasn't interested in a four-legged mother any longer. Ginna was her only love.

All the way back to the house Dinah wriggled with delight. "Be quiet, Dinah. I don't feel like romping tonight," Ginna said, wearily.

Inside the house the twilight was soothing. She wandered through the kitchen and dining room, stood staring vacantly at the clutter of papers on the old roll-top desk in the junky little room Pop called his office. In this cubbyhole were stored all the things they didn't know what to do with—old fishing boots, creels, a broken chair, and guns.

Over the desk hung a picture of Ginna's mother, and standing in front of it now, she thought that Pop must have loved her a lot never to have married again. Ginna was supposed to look like her mother. They had the same brown eyes and thick, straight brown hair, the same name, Virginia. But the girl in the picture looked thinner than Ginna had ever been. Ginna's face was the shape of Pop's, a Blair face with a wide forehead and a sturdy chin; a strong, open face, though now it was full of misery.

Abruptly she threw back her head, listening. From the back pasture, between the house and the mountains, came a strange lowing of cattle. Something had frightened them. She ran to the living-room windows and looked out. It was quite dark outside, without a shred of moon. Had she imagined the noise? Was it just the hooting of an owl on the telephone wire outside

the window? She stood perfectly still, waiting, her own breath loud in her ears. There! It came again. A low wailing, and under it the vibration of hoofs milling against the ground. The cattle were disturbed, all right. Ginna found herself uneasy too.

Dinah gave a sharp bark. "You hear them, don't you?" Ginna whispered, leaning down to run a reassuring hand through the silky black hair. Possibly a mountain lion had come down out of the hills, prowling for calves. Three years ago Mr. Thatcher had lost several animals that way. Perhaps she ought to telephone him. But if Thatch were still home—no, tonight of all nights she was not going to ring that well-known number.

She went back into the office where the guns were racked against the wall, sliding her fingers over the wooden stocks until she found her own shotgun. Pop had given it to her on her twelfth birthday—a twenty gauge for quail. No better than a popgun in the hide of a big cat, but a shot out the window might frighten the beast away. She reached into the second drawer of the desk where the shells were kept, and loaded.

The bawling of the worried cows was unmistakable now. Ginna was moving to open a window when another sound cut the dark. The family, she thought with relief, then realized instantly that this was a much heavier car than theirs. As the rumbling wheels drew closer her whole body stiffened. There was no window in the living room from which she could see the barn. Taking the stairs two at a time to Aunt Lolly's bedroom, she peered from behind the curtains at the open window. A man's voice barked, "There's a Jersey around here somewhere. Worth half a dozen of these veal babies."

In one horrid second the whole puzzle fell into place. Cattle rustlers! Cattle rustlers loading Mr.

**Nothing was much fun without Thatch—least of all a dance at Gray Eagle. That's why Ginna was alone on the ranch that exciting evening**

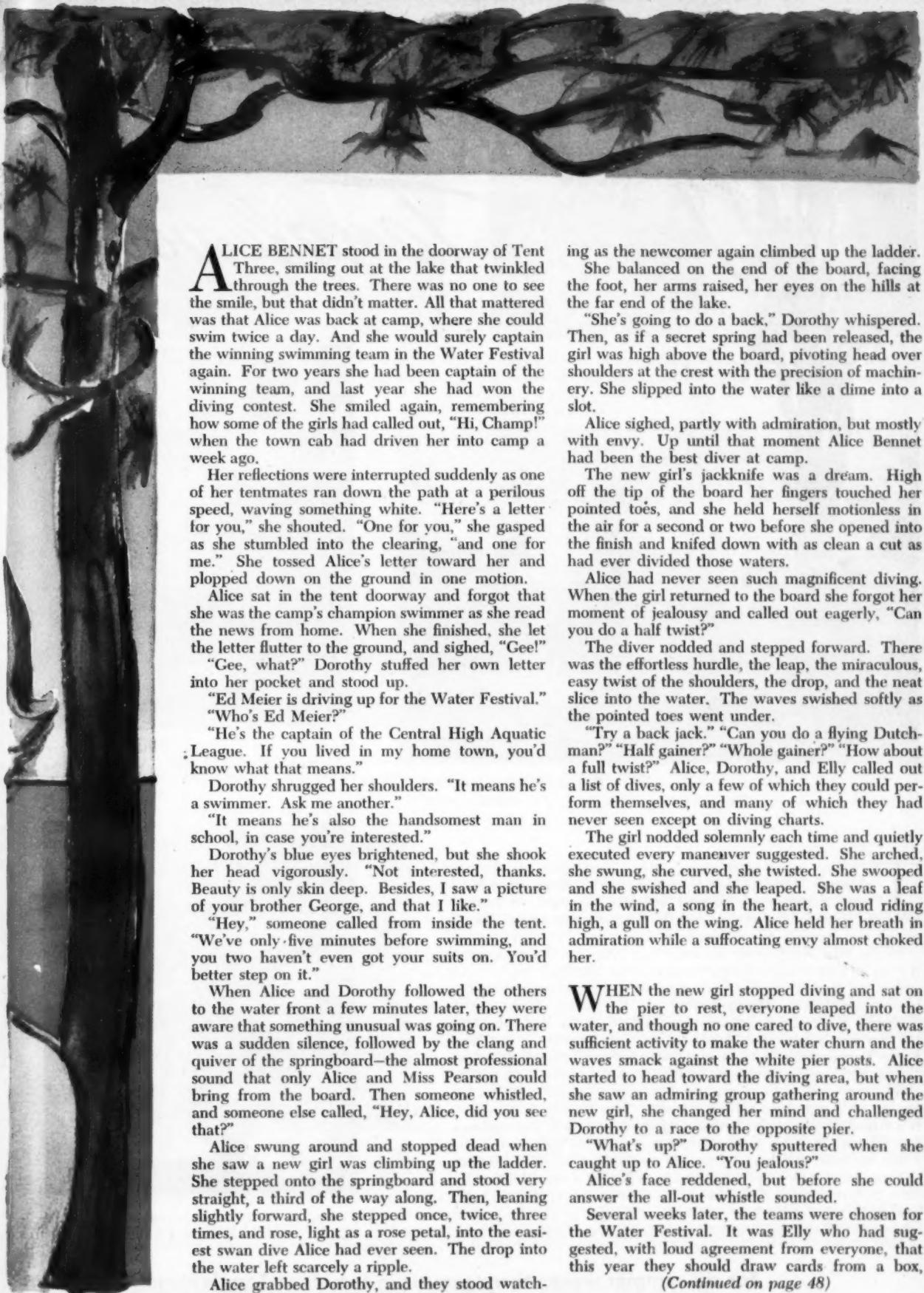
Thatcher's calves into a truck in the back pasture. Now they were looking for Wee One. Ginna didn't hesitate any longer. Scooping Dinah up in her free arm, she dumped her into Aunt Lolly's closet and pressed the door tight. Muffled sounds followed her as she ran down the stairs again and out on the porch. She had to stop them. They weren't going to ride off into the night with Wee One—her Wee One—the friendliest, most trusting little creature that ever kicked heels in the air. She wouldn't let them. And yet—they might be armed, too.

Huddled against the vines at the end of the porch, she stood with one finger on Pop's switch, listening to the throb of the motor, the voices cracking out of the blackness. A single click would light up the whole area between the barn and the house. But she must wait—wait till she could be sure. She pressed a hand against her side, where her heart was thumping as if it must break its cage of ribs. There was a bellow as Wee One was pushed into the truck and Ginna almost screamed out. The motor raced, heavy wheels ground in the rutted road. Then Ginna snapped on the light.

*(Continued on page 42)*

Alice could hear the audience sigh  
admiringly as her opponent floated,  
light as a petal, in a perfect swan





**A**LICE BENNET stood in the doorway of Tent Three, smiling out at the lake that twinkled through the trees. There was no one to see the smile, but that didn't matter. All that mattered was that Alice was back at camp, where she could swim twice a day. And she would surely captain the winning swimming team in the Water Festival again. For two years she had been captain of the winning team, and last year she had won the diving contest. She smiled again, remembering how some of the girls had called out, "Hi, Champ!" when the town cab had driven her into camp a week ago.

Her reflections were interrupted suddenly as one of her tentmates ran down the path at a perilous speed, waving something white. "Here's a letter for you," she shouted. "One for you," she gasped as she stumbled into the clearing, "and one for me." She tossed Alice's letter toward her and plopped down on the ground in one motion.

Alice sat in the tent doorway and forgot that she was the camp's champion swimmer as she read the news from home. When she finished, she let the letter flutter to the ground, and sighed, "Gee!"

"Gee, what?" Dorothy stuffed her own letter into her pocket and stood up.

"Ed Meier is driving up for the Water Festival."  
"Who's Ed Meier?"

"He's the captain of the Central High Aquatic League. If you lived in my home town, you'd know what that means."

Dorothy shrugged her shoulders. "It means he's a swimmer. Ask me another."

"It means he's also the handsomest man in school, in case you're interested."

Dorothy's blue eyes brightened, but she shook her head vigorously. "Not interested, thanks. Beauty is only skin deep. Besides, I saw a picture of your brother George, and that I like."

"Hey," someone called from inside the tent. "We've only five minutes before swimming, and you two haven't even got your suits on. You'd better step on it."

When Alice and Dorothy followed the others to the water front a few minutes later, they were aware that something unusual was going on. There was a sudden silence, followed by the clang and quiver of the springboard—the almost professional sound that only Alice and Miss Pearson could bring from the board. Then someone whistled, and someone else called, "Hey, Alice, did you see that?"

Alice swung around and stopped dead when she saw a new girl was climbing up the ladder. She stepped onto the springboard and stood very straight, a third of the way along. Then, leaning slightly forward, she stepped once, twice, three times, and rose, light as a rose petal, into the easiest swan dive Alice had ever seen. The drop into the water left scarcely a ripple.

Alice grabbed Dorothy, and they stood watch-

ing as the newcomer again climbed up the ladder.

She balanced on the end of the board, facing the foot, her arms raised, her eyes on the hills at the far end of the lake.

"She's going to do a back," Dorothy whispered. Then, as if a secret spring had been released, the girl was high above the board, pivoting head over shoulders at the crest with the precision of machinery. She slipped into the water like a dime into a slot.

Alice sighed, partly with admiration, but mostly with envy. Up until that moment Alice Bennet had been the best diver at camp.

The new girl's jackknife was a dream. High off the tip of the board her fingers touched her pointed toes, and she held herself motionless in the air for a second or two before she opened into the finish and knifed down with as clean a cut as had ever divided those waters.

Alice had never seen such magnificent diving. When the girl returned to the board she forgot her moment of jealousy and called out eagerly, "Can you do a half twist?"

The diver nodded and stepped forward. There was the effortless hurdle, the leap, the miraculous, easy twist of the shoulders, the drop, and the neat slice into the water. The waves swished softly as the pointed toes went under.

"Try a back jack." "Can you do a flying Dutchman?" "Half gainer?" "Whole gainer?" "How about a full twist?" Alice, Dorothy, and Elly called out a list of dives, only a few of which they could perform themselves, and many of which they had never seen except on diving charts.

The girl nodded solemnly each time and quietly executed every maneuver suggested. She arched, she swung, she curved, she twisted. She swooped and she swished and she leaped. She was a leaf in the wind, a song in the heart, a cloud riding high, a gull on the wing. Alice held her breath in admiration while a suffocating envy almost choked her.

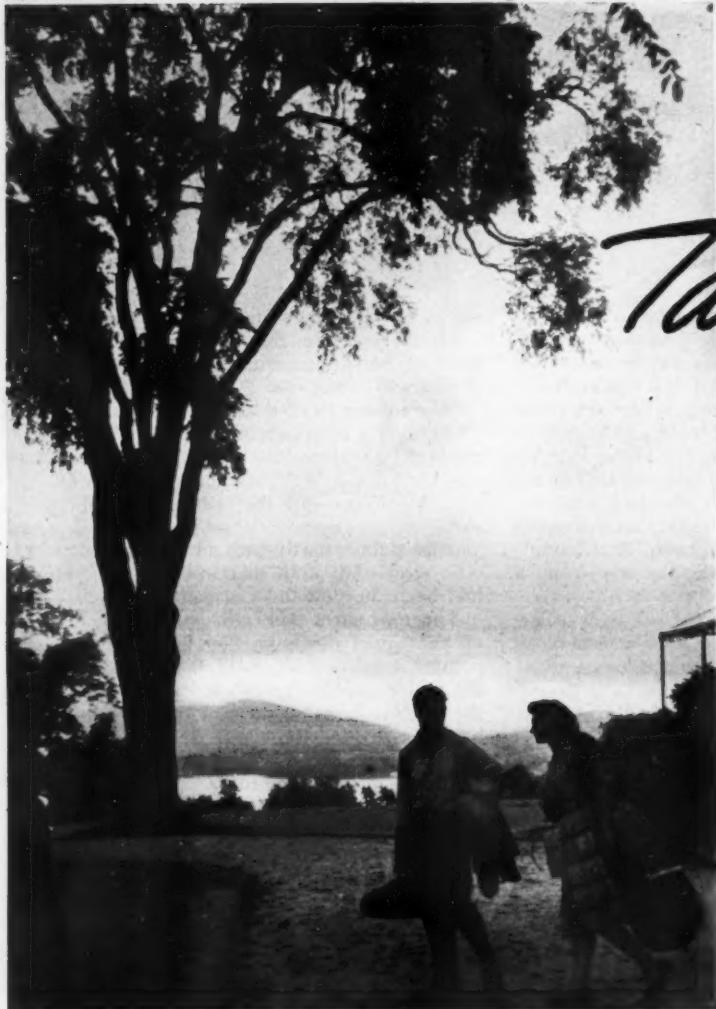
**W**HEN the new girl stopped diving and sat on the pier to rest, everyone leaped into the water, and though no one cared to dive, there was sufficient activity to make the water churn and the waves smack against the white pier posts. Alice started to head toward the diving area, but when she saw an admiring group gathering around the new girl, she changed her mind and challenged Dorothy to a race to the opposite pier.

"What's up?" Dorothy sputtered when she caught up to Alice. "You jealous?"

Alice's face reddened, but before she could answer the all-out whistle sounded.

Several weeks later, the teams were chosen for the Water Festival. It was Elly who had suggested, with loud agreement from everyone, that this year they should draw cards from a box,

(Continued on page 48)



Scene of the Berkshire Music Center is "Tanglewood," a beautiful estate near Lenox, Massachusetts. Here, two new students arrive

THE very name spells magic. Many of us know Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales" at least by name, and for those who have read the wonder stories of Theseus and the Minotaur, of Jason and the Golden Fleece, of Proserpina and the pomegranate seeds, "Tanglewood" means the doorway to adventure and romance.

In the past eight years the name has taken on a new association, for it is on an estate called Tanglewood that the Boston Symphony Orchestra makes its summer home. Two hundred beautiful acres between Stockbridge and Lenox, Massachusetts, are the scene of the world-famous Berkshire Festival concert series and the site of the Berkshire Music Center, the only school of its kind that has ever existed. It was founded by Serge Koussevitzky in 1940, and today his whole-hearted enthusiasm for "living and working in music" seems to pervade the atmosphere.

The best way to know a place is to visit it, so let's say you have been invited to Tanglewood for a week end. Your hostess, let us also suppose, is a friend of yours who is spending six weeks there this summer, studying. Harriet is in her teens, of course—young for Tanglewood, but she is a fine violinist, and here talent and application count more than age.

From New York you take the train to Lenox, a ride of about four hours through lovely green fields and hills. Harriet has written that she will be unable to meet your train, because it arrives at the time of orchestra rehearsal. There are two student orchestras at Tanglewood and Harriet

by FRANCIS ROBINSON

# Tanglewood



Ready for a 9 a.m. class. Late in the afternoon there may be time for a swim in the lake



Picnics on the lawn are a regular feature of life at Tanglewood. The conversation? Music!

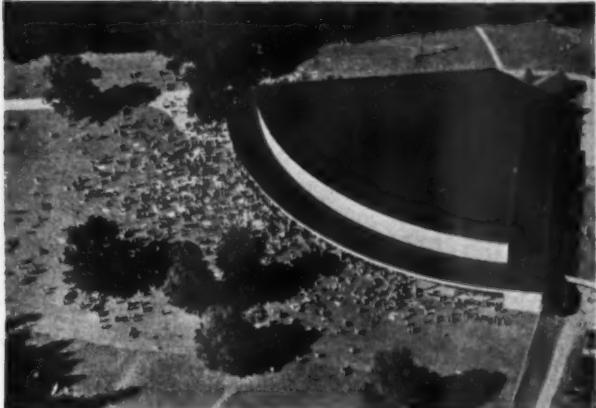
For six summer weeks there's music in the air at Tanglewood! Come along

Ruth Orkin-Pix



Members of a student orchestra unpack for rehearsal in the Shed. They hope Koussevitzky may lead them today

Boston Symphony Orchestra



And here's the famous Music Shed, shaped like a wedge of pie, seating 6,000. Main concerts are held here



Ruth Orkin-Pix

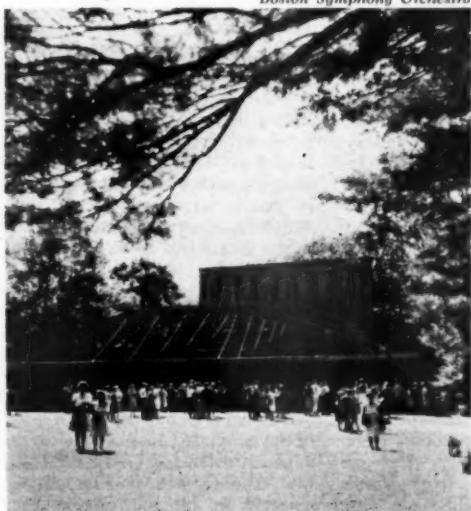
It's exciting to watch Dr. Koussevitzky rehearse! A music center like this one was his lifelong dream



Ruth Orkin-Pix

Between classes, the Music Store is a popular meeting place for students. There's also a large music library

Boston Symphony Orchestra



The spacious Theater Concert Hall, not far from the formal gardens, is used for opera

is already a member of the first violin section of one of them. Neither she nor any of the other hundred members of the orchestra would think of missing a rehearsal, although at Tanglewood there are very few rules and no penalty for absences.

As you ride along you remember hearing that the Berkshire Music Center is no ordinary school. No academic credit or certificate of musical achievement is given. The students learn by actually working with a faculty of distinguished musicians, including the "first-desk" instrumentalists of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Composer Aaron Copland heads the Department of Composition. Leonard Bernstein, the famous young conductor and composer, is first assistant to Dr. Koussevitzky in Conducting. There are also the Departments of Opera, of Choral Singing, and of Orchestral and Chamber Music. Harriet is working in this last one.

There are over four hundred students at Tanglewood this year, she has written you. But where do they come from? They are selected mostly by audition and interview from forty-two States, the District of Columbia, and fifteen foreign countries. There are a few more boys than girls, and though there is a fee of about \$300.00 for the six weeks, no deserving applicant is turned down for lack of money. If the candidate is sufficiently talented, a way is found for her or him to come to

(Continued on page 54)

with us for a week-end visit to the only center of its kind in the world

The American Girl

by  
**MARJORIE  
VETTER**

Illustrated by  
**BOB GIVOTOVSKY**

This short story,  
complete on these  
pages, proves how  
the nicest things  
sometimes happen  
on the hottest days



"Mother and I love it out here,"  
she said, leading Corey into a  
tiny back yard, gay with flowers

**M**OIST August heat steamed from the glaring surface of the dusty pavements. Corey Burton had the suffocating sensation that she was walking in slow motion under water. The heat seemed to bear down on her and press her back as water would have done, and the air was so wet she couldn't breathe. Crossing the street to the subway, she could feel the heels of her new black shoes sink into the soft asphalt. She blew past her upper lip, beaded with perspiration and, hitching her book higher under her arm, gingerly raised the shoulder of her green linen dress to free the back, plastered fast to her wet skin.

This was the first summer she had spent in the city. All her friends were enjoying themselves at the mountains or the shore and she, alone, was sweltering in this horrible heat. She was so lonely she sometimes talked to herself, and there was nothing, absolutely nothing, to do in the city in August.

They hadn't opened their summer cottage this year because it had been necessary for Mother to have a serious operation in July. She was coming along nicely now, but she

was still at the nursing home where she had gone from the hospital. Corey was allowed to see her for only a few minutes each day and after that, time stretched endlessly, emptily on her hands.

She had left the hospital earlier than usual today because the heat had exhausted her mother and the nurse was going to give her a hypodermic so that she could sleep.

Corey's wide, green skirt swished just above her ankles as she started down the subway stairs. A blast of stale, hot air fanning her face and a distant rumble, warned her that a train was coming, and in spite of the heat, she sprinted down the last few steps, dropped her dime in the turnstile, and squeezed into the car just as the doors were closing.

Why on earth had she done that? Force of habit, she supposed, which made city people run for a subway train as if there would never be another. Certainly she wasn't in a hurry. She had nothing to do and no place to go, except home to an empty apartment.

She'd take herself up in the small, stuffy

self-service elevator and let herself into the stifling apartment with her key. She'd rush to open the windows, all tightly closed for fear of an unexpected summer shower. But even when they were all open, there wouldn't be much air, especially in the bedrooms which faced on the court.

She didn't like to go to the movies or the beach alone. If she only knew one single somebody her age in town, it wouldn't be so bad. But as it was, she'd probably moon around like a lost soul until time to get dinner for her father, who came home to eat a hurried meal before he went to visit her mother for a few minutes each evening.

The car was half empty in this slack hour of the early afternoon. Corey sat down beside a pleasant-looking, red-haired woman who was reading a magazine. Hot, stale air, scooped in by the motion of the train, fanned the short black curls on the back of her neck and was blown back against her wet face by the swirling fans in the ceiling.

She opened her book. "A Wish for Tomorrow" the title read. It was the story of a Girl Scout camp in the lovely Pennsylvania

woods. If she couldn't be plunging into the cool waters of a mountain lake, or sitting around a campfire in the shivery chill of a mountain evening, at least she could read about girls who were doing these things.

Lost in the adventures of four tentmates at the Girl Scout international encampment, she paid no attention as several stations flashed by, and only glanced up as the red-haired woman left the train. The huge black station sign, Wall Street, was just passing to the rear. With a gasp of dismay, Corey realized that the train was plunging into the tube under the river to Brooklyn.

She sat there for a moment with her mouth open in amazement. How in the world did she come to be on her way to Brooklyn? Except for jokes on the radio and in the movies, she knew very little about Brooklyn. She was a smart girl all right! The train she had caught by the skin of her teeth must have been a downtown instead of an uptown train and so here she was bound for Brooklyn. Why did she do such stupid things—and in this heat, too!

She shut her book, resolved to pay attention and be ready to get off at the next station. Then she became aware of a large manila envelope on the floor at her feet. She had noticed it on the redheaded woman's lap. What a shame! She must have dropped it when she got up to leave the train.

She leaned down and picked it up. An address was scrawled in bold letters in one corner—"36 Pineapple Street." Pineapple Street! What a fascinating address. It must be in that old part of the borough just across the river, called the Heights. She'd read about this old section. It might be interesting to see it now that she was on her way to Brooklyn. She had nothing to do the whole, hot, boring afternoon. It might be fun to return the package in person instead of giving it to the conductor for the "Lost and Found."

There was no conductor in her car anyway. There never was when you wanted one. Corey gathered up her book and the package and left the train at the next station.

There were no subway guards or workmen anywhere about and she hesitated to ask any of her fellow passengers for directions. She followed them into a huge elevator and rode up to what she thought would be the street. But when the elevator stopped it wasn't the street at all. The gates opened right into the lobby of the Hotel St. Charles, famous for its swimming pool. Swimming pool! She'd like to be in it this minute.

The clerk at the desk gave her careful directions. It wasn't very far and a little breeze blew up from the river to ruffle her hair and her full skirt.

Pineapple Street stretched up from the river with a row of two story, faded brick

houses on either side. They were old houses but some of them were smart with new paint around windows and doors. Thirty-six had a little balcony with a railing of delicate ironwork. A vine climbed up one side of the railing and there were plants in pots, and a couple of metal chairs inside.

Apartment-dwelling Corey was enchanted. It didn't seem a bit like the city. The breeze from the river brought the sound of boat whistles and the perfume of the flowers.

She ran up the steps and rang the bell. The red-haired lady certainly lived in a darling house. After a minute, the door was opened by a merry-faced, redhead girl in peddle pushers and a smart waistcoat. She looked so much like the woman on the train, Corey was sure she must be her daughter.

"I'm Corey Burton," she said, "and I found this in the subway. It was dropped by a lady who got off at Wall Street."

"Geeper!" the redhead girl exclaimed. "Mom'll be eternally grateful! It's a chapter from her new book. She had to do it over and her machine wasn't working right, so the carbon's practically illegible."

She took the envelope from Corey as if it were a priceless jewel. "I'm Diana Waring," she said, "and Mother's Rachel Waring, who writes the Janet Fenwick books."

COREY didn't believe there was a teenager living who hadn't laughed and cried with Janet Fenwick. She was awed by the miracle of rescuing a Janet Fenwick manuscript. You never knew what was going to happen from one moment to the next. Half an hour ago she had been utterly miserable, sticky with the heat, and facing a wretched, empty afternoon and now, here she was talking with the daughter of Janet Fenwick's author and seeing her darling little house.

"If you knew what a struggle Mother's had with this chapter, you'd know what a catastrophe its loss would be," Diana was saying. "It was swell of you to bring it back yourself, instead of taking it to the Lost and Found or mailing it because time is so important. Mother probably has to do some more work on it or she wouldn't have been bringing it home again and it's past her dead line and her publisher's frantic. She'll want to thank you herself when she gets back, but in the meantime, won't you come in and have a cool drink?"

Corey allowed herself to be persuaded. "I think it's nicer in the garden," Diana said. "There's apt to be a breeze from the river."

She led Corey past a dim, high-ceilinged, shuttered, living room, through a bright kitchen and out into a back yard, gay with flowers, a miniature patch of grass, a glider, table, and chairs, bright in different colors.

"Mother and I love it out here," Diana said. "I painted the chairs myself. Make yourself comfortable. I'll be right back."

Corey spread her skirt over the glider. What a thrilling adventure, and what a darling Diana Waring was, with her dancing red hair and her bubbling, friendliness.

She was back in a moment with iced tea and cookies.

"Mother and I always keep a sort of lemonade, slightly flavored with tea, on the ice this kind of weather," she said. "Hope you like it. The mint's from our garden."

Diana was so friendly and so interested, as they sipped their delicious cold drink and ate cookies, that Corey found herself telling her all about the closed summer cottage, Mother's operation, and the horrors of her first summer in the city.

"Mother and I don't mind it at all," Diana said. "Mother works better in a place she's used to, so we've spent most of the last three summers right here at home."

"But this is so different from a Manhattan apartment," Corey protested, "and not one of my friends is in town, and with Mother away I am so lonely and there's nothing to do."

"You poor thing," Diana exclaimed in sincere sympathy. "You must have had an awful time. But really there's a lot to do in the city even in the summertime. I read somewhere that New York is one of the most popular summer resorts. A great many people spend their vacations here."

Corey snorted. "They have my sympathy," she said. "This is no weather for sightseeing. New York is lovely on a crisp fall or a bright January day, but in August—!"

"It's not so bad even in August," Diana argued, "and while Mother's tied up with finishing her book I'd like to prove it to you. There's Central or Prospect Park for hikes or bike or horseback riding, and there are some good tennis courts there, too. There's the pool at the St. Charles, or you can take the bus to the beach club at the point for swimming. Right here on the Heights there's the Covert Roof, with a wonderful view of the skyscrapers across the river, for dancing in the evening, and an air-conditioned movie around the corner. How about coming over tomorrow after you have had your visit with your mother and we'll play some tennis and take a swim?"

Corey's eyes danced. Funny how the heat didn't seem to bother her any more. She didn't believe that the temperature was actually any cooler on this side of the river, but she was comfortable and happy in this lovely garden, laughing and talking with Diana. "Gee, thanks, I'd love to," she said, and blessed the chance that had led her on to the wrong train.

THE END



First, assume an easy stance



Swing (don't lift) the club back



As ball is struck, hips turn . . .



And follow-through is completed

# On the Fairway

by PATTY BERG

Drawings by AL AVISON

WANT to know how you can make friends and improve your figure while you're having a wonderful time? Sounds like a big order, doesn't it? But it's all there, waiting for you, on the fairway!

As you're swinging your clubs, striding across the greens, picking up tees, and replacing divots, you're getting the kind of exercise that's streamlining your figure, lending you grace, and incidentally, putting a glow in your cheeks and a sparkle in your eyes. You may not walk away from the eighteenth hole with the poise and figure of your favorite movie star, but you will see a big improvement over the old you, because one synonym for golf is rhythm.

What's more, the course is just as full of friendship traps as of sand traps. If you're wondering how to make friends and influence the male of the species, try your local golf course. The boys start haunting the course as caddies and golfers as soon as they're big enough to hold a club, and if you can talk their language and share their enthusiasm, you've a conversational gold mine. Not that you invade the course in a huntress spirit, but it just seems to happen that if you bring two golfers together, you have a friendship. On the golf course, those two players are called a "twosome"; four golfers a "foursome"—"mixed" if there are two girls and two boys.

Besides all this, golf is made to order for family fun. Here's one game that everyone, from grandpa to the junior members, can share. From the day that I made my first clumsy swing with a castoff golf club in our back yard, I started a golfing partnership with my dad that has been one of the treasured experiences of my life.

So now is the time to get started on a sport that will bring you pleasure and profit until you're too old to get around the course—but who's ever too old for that? Not that golf is an old duffer's sport! It's an ageless game that you're never too old or too young to learn, but the fact is that you learn faster and better when your mind is alert and eager, your body flexible and young. I was fourteen when I got into the golf swing, and my one regret is that I didn't get into it sooner. Other girl players have started as young as nine or ten, and you can believe me that golf is like peanuts—once you start you can't stop!

Maybe you thought golf was strictly a man's game? Well, ever since Mary, Queen of Scots, openly assumed a golfing stance in 1542, women have been at home on the greens. Yes, golf is as old as that. The Scots originated the game back in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and it has steadily gained in popularity since.

Mary, incidentally, is credited with naming the first caddies. She called the boys who

chased the balls "cadets," (pronounced cad-day) the French word for pupil. By the time the game moved from Scotland to England, the word became caddy. There's a popular belief that golf was brought to the United States during the Revolutionary War by Scottish regiments. Actually, Canada imported the game to the New World and then it crossed the border to the United States. Anyway, today golf is one of the nation's greatest outdoor sports, with both sexes boasting its popularity.

But what's the game all about, you may be asking. Well, it's certainly more than chasing a little white ball. The golf course is divided into eighteen holes, and the main object is to sink the ball in the holes, consecutively and with the least possible number of strokes, each stroke counting one. In the usual match, every man is for himself and players keep individual scores, teeing up and driving one ball from the tee in turn. Then the players proceed along the course, working toward the cup which lies on the putting green.

To keep things interesting, the course is laid out so that each hole presents a new challenge. There are fairways, sand traps, lagoons, slopes, valleys, and trees, just to mention a few of the hazards, and you are equipped with clubs—woods and irons—to help you out of predicaments. The experts have figured out what "par" is for each hole on a given course; that is, the number of strokes you should take to sink the ball on the basis of faultless play, two putts being allowed. But there are few amateur golfers who can make par regularly. At first your score may be astronomical, but the day may come when you'll go around the course in less than a hundred. And then you'll be on your way to better golf and a lower score still.

The expense of the game scares off some teen-agers. Well, golf can be expensive, but it needn't be more so than any other sport. To begin with, you don't need special clothes. Any simple sports dress with roomy shoulders and back will do. Woolen socks are good because they absorb perspiration, and loafers or crepe-soled shoes are fine. Later on, you might want regular golfer's spiked shoes, but they're not essential. All you have to worry about in dress is comfort, freedom of movement, and keeping your hair out of your eyes.

For the rest, you can actually start with one hand-me-down club and a repainted golf ball. If there's a golfer in your family, latch on to his castoff clubs—and you can always drop gentle hints come birthdays and Christmas. Get one club at a time, and before too long your bag will be filled.

If you're earning your own money or saving from your allowance, here are a few  
(Continued on page 52)

ONE of the nicest invitations of the summer is, "Come over for a salad supper!" It's nice for the guests; and it's nice for you because a salad supper is so easy to prepare, so good to eat.

Sandwiches, corn bread or rolls, and a beverage will set off a salad well, and for a really satisfying meal, add a simple hot casserole and a favorite dessert. Set a pretty table or buffet on the porch or in the cool dining room. For mixing and serving the salad, a wooden or pottery bowl is useful, but it also may be arranged on individual salad plates.

The proof of the salad is in the dressing, so first of all, make sure you have a tasty one. You'll find many fine ready-prepared types on your grocer's shelves, but here's a recipe for homemade French dressing that's the perfect complement for the green salad which follows.

#### FAMOUS FRENCH DRESSING

It's a fine idea to make up this large recipe, put it in a bottle with cork or screw cap, and store in the refrigerator. Shake before serving.

1 teaspoon salt	1/4 teaspoon paprika
1/4 teaspoon black pepper	1 cup salad oil
1/2 teaspoon sugar	4 tablespoons mild vinegar
1 teaspoon dry mustard	2 teaspoons onion juice

Put the salt, pepper, sugar, mustard, and paprika in a small bowl, and mix with a spoon until well blended. Add the oil and stir until smoothly mixed. Add the vinegar and onion juice and mix well. Pour every bit out of the bowl into a

Photos—courtesy Borden & Co.



When ripe tomato baskets are filled with a chicken and pineapple mixture, it's Hawaiian Summer Salad!

#### MORE RECIPES

Send for your ninth AMERICAN GIRL Recipe File today! More recipes for salads—that's what you'll find in this loose-leaf illustrated folder. It's one of the series that you'll want to bind together for your very own AMERICAN GIRL Cookbook. First, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth folders are still available, so bring your collection up to date now.

Send us 6¢ for each folder you want, and don't forget to enclose a large, self-addressed, stamped envelope for every two folders you order. Please use the handy coupon on page 55.



Creamy salmon filling is chilled in refrigerator, then served in slit frankfurter rolls

by FLORENCE BROBECK

pint bottle. Cover, and shake the bottle gently but thoroughly to combine all parts of the dressing.

Note: For a sweeter dressing, add about a  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon more sugar. For interesting variation, add 2 tablespoons catsup; or 1 tablespoon minced parsley; or 1 tablespoon mayonnaise or sour cream. When well shaken, these ingredients mingle with the rest of the French dressing and help make its flavor unusual.

#### TOSSED SALAD

Every cook can create her own tossed salad combination. There are no fixed rules about what must go into it. In fact, the only sure rule is: everything in the salad must be very clean, very crisp, and very cold. The vegetables should be washed and prepared in the morning, or several hours before serving time.

To make a tossed salad for 4 to 6 people, use:

1 small head lettuce	2 tablespoons
1 medium-sized cucumber	minced parsley
1 bunch watercress	5 or 6 raw spinach
1 green pepper	leaves or
tablespoons	1 bunch endive
	minced chives
	2 ripe tomatoes

Wash the lettuce in cold water; remove outer leaves and let drain while you pull the center of the head apart into small "hearts"—the curly, tight part of the lettuce. Wash and drain these carefully.

Wash the cucumber; do not peel, but scrape lengthwise with  
(Continued on page 55)

SHAKE the hayseed out of your hair—it's time to give some attention to those tresses, bleached and dried out by summer suns perhaps, or highly seasoned from those glorious dips in the salty sea. Why not have a shampoo party once a week until school starts, to recapture your crowning glory? Invite your friend Jane to bring over her comb and brush, get the green light from your family to take over the bathroom for a couple of hours, and you're on the way to a practical beauty-

hundred strokes will clean and polish it, carrying the natural oils from the scalp down to the dry ends, making your hair shiny again, and at shampoo time this brushing process is an important preliminary, because it gives the hair an initial dusting and loosens dandruff scales from your scalp.

If you have dandruff, if your hair splits and snarls, or looks dull and drab, it's an even bet that you're neglecting your scalp and starving your hair. Hair takes its three square meals from

## SHAMPOO for 2

shop treatment, guaranteed to put back the sparkle in your hair.

Hold it! Before you turn on the faucet, remember the cardinal rule for good hair care—brushing. You probably have over 100,000 hairs on your head (as many as 140,000 if you're a blond) and when you remember that each hair is made of tiny overlapping scales, like shingles on a roof, especially designed to catch and hold dust and oil, it's no wonder your hair feels dirty. But any day of the week a thorough one

the blood, and since the flow of blood to the scalp is normally sluggish, a little scalp massage at this time will work wonders to pep up the circulation. Jane will start with the nape of your neck, rotating the tips of her fingers round and round, lifting your scalp ever so gently, and working her fingers forward until she's covered every bit of your scalp and made it tingle pleasantly.

To find the shampoo that's right for you calls for some experimenting. Actually, almost any bland soap will do a satisfactory

job, providing you don't rub the cake right on your hair, but apply a lather you've worked up with your hands. To make your own private brand of liquid shampoo, save odds and ends of pure castile soap, shave them up fine, add about two cups of hot water for each handful of soap shavings, and heat over a low flame until the soap dissolves. A few ounces of this mixture are enough for one shampoo, and for a luxury touch, add a drop or two of your favorite perfume.

Commercial soap shampoos, as well as the new "soapless" ones, can be bought at your corner drugstore in various forms, and it's a matter of selecting the one—liquid, cream, or powder—that's most convenient for you to use.

Since you're getting a shampoo and not a bath, you'd better drape a plastic cape over your shoulders, and wind a towel around your neck to absorb the splashes. Sit on a stool facing the washbowl, bend your head over the basin, and let Jane commence with the shampoo. A spray attached to the faucet is fine for wetting the hair, but if you don't have one, fill the basin with warm (not hot) water and dunk your head until thoroughly wet.

Jane will pour some of the shampoo on the hairline at the back of your neck, and work a froth through both the hair and scalp. Using her fingertips, she'll quickly massage the lather all over your head and then squeeze the suds gently through the ends of your hair, in the same way you wash your best pair of nylons.

Then, with a clean hairbrush, she'll use full, even strokes to swoop the suds through every strand, from your hairline down to the ends of your locks; and she'll work fast, because the longer the soap remains, the more the hair is dried out.

Then a careful warm-water rinsing, using the spray or a cup, to wash out all the soap, followed by another shampoo massage. This one is very important, because hair that is not clean won't

(Continued on page 54)



by LILLIAN THALENFELD

Drawing by CLARE McCANNA

THE *American Girl* goes back-to-school

Fall, 1948



For description of sweater and skirt, see next page.



**MATCHING SWEATER SET AND SKIRT—**  
Kittn-gora short-sleeved pull-over and long-sleeved cardigan dyed to match the flannel, fly-front skirt. Pull-over, about \$4.00; cardigan, about \$6.00; skirt, about \$8.00

by **FRANCES KOLTUN**

*Photographs by William Benedict*

**For all American girls going back to school—here are highlights of coming Fall Fashions, chosen for their style importance, their wearability. In teen sizes 10-16, you'll find them at stores on page 57**

*On page 25 . . .*

**JUMPER SWEATER AND TWO-WAY SKIRT**—both are news this year. Hi-Girl's wool sweater is about \$4.00. The plaid skirt, back-pleated and flared in front, can be worn back-to-front. By Touraine, about \$9.00



**YOKED CORDUROY SKIRT, PLAID**

**BLOUSE**—the softly flared skirt, by Touraine, has new back fullness, costs about \$8.00. Dell Town's plaid cotton blouse is trimmed with white piqué collar and cuffs. About \$5.00



**A DARK-PLAID COTTON DRESS** by Sandra

Lee (far left)—just what you'll want to make a good first-day-back impression. It's sparked with a crisp white piqué bib and cuffs, costs about \$11.00

**A BUFFALO PLAID COAT**—cozy and warm, and so good-looking! By Fairway, of fleecy, all-wool blanket cloth, its wool interlining makes it fit for the coldest winds. Note the full flared back. About \$30.00

# For Young Teens

by June Beckelman

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM BENEDICT



If you're a "Young Teen"—between 11 and 14 years old, too grown-up for children's clothes and still not ready to wear teens—your problems are over! Styles are being designed and sized

especially for you—to fill your particular needs. Here is a group of cotton dresses in bright fall plaids perfect for going back to school. And all come in young-teen sizes 10, 12, and 14.

1. There's Early American feeling in Twentiner's Puritan stand-up collar and full wagon-wheel skirt, about \$9.

2. Sandra Lee's large block plaid has touches of crisp white pique and pocket



flaps to give you a more rounded hipline, about \$8.

3. Note the new flared cuffs  
and Flemish



collar on  
this dress  
from Chil-  
dren's House

5

designed by Ellen Hewitt, about \$14. 4. Check and plaid are combined in Peteteen's two-piece dress with two pert bows at the waist, about \$13. 5. Here is a

about \$13. 5. Here is a

one-piece bolero dress with contrasting



bodice designed by Pre-Teen, about \$9. You can buy all of these dresses at the following stores:

Abraham & Straus, Brook-

lyn; Bloomingdale's, New

York City; Filenes, Boston;

Frederick & Nelson, Seattle;  
H. J. D. 1

4 Neuronemus, Roanoke;  
Hydroc. Detroit: May

Company, Denver; Whitney's, Albany.



# FIRSTS for Fall



**4839:** Make this dress and bolero in a solid color, or combine solid and printed materials for a two-toned effect. The skirt is cut in one piece; the sash ties in a gay bow. Sizes 11-17. Size 13 takes 5½ yards 39" fabric.

**4886:** For classroom or informal dates, this classic is always right. Add a smart touch with your initials embroidered on the blouse—the transfer is included. Sizes 11-17. For size 13 you'll need 4½ yards 39" material



4886



4562

Each pattern 25c

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, enclose 25c for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For handy, clip-out order blank, turn to page 36.



**4549:** A full-skirted jumper, and a blouse with long-tabbed collar and pert bow, are an A-plus fashion team. Teen sizes 10-16. Size 12 requires 2 yards 54" material for the jumper and 1 1/4 yards of 39" for the blouse

**4623:** A two-piece suit dress, with smart lines and clever details which make this an outstanding fall fashion, either for everyday school wear or for best. Sizes 11-17. For size 13 you will need 5 1/8 yards 39" fabric

**4637:** A tucked-at-the-shoulder blouse. Full, cuffed sleeves will make it crisp and trim for class, or for a dress-up version there are short, puffed sleeves (not shown). Sizes 12-18. Size 16 takes 2 1/4 yards 39" material

**4925:** This swing skirt, with its slim hipline, may be varied with slanting pockets set in at the waistline, or made with a matching or contrasting cummerbund. Waist sizes 24-32. Size 28 takes 2 1/2 yards 39" fabric

**4925:** With its straight front and full skirt, winged ruffles and narrow belt which ties at the back with a snappy bow, this dress is what subteens are asking for. Sizes 10-14. Size 10 calls for 3 1/8 yards 35" material

# Window on the Sea



by ELLSWORTH NEWCOMB

Illustrated by ALAN HUGHES

## THE STORY SO FAR

Joan Andrews thought that just being with her father in San Diego, where he was a commanding officer at the Naval Air Station, would make her perfectly happy. But she found that, though she made many new friends and enjoyed their gay parties, she was often lonely at home. Busy Captain Andrews had to be away all day and many evenings, and Joan envied her friends whose family circles were complete with mothers, brothers, and sisters. She missed her Annapolis friends, especially Bill Ambler, and worried that his long silence meant he had forgotten her. She couldn't even settle down to the painting she loved. And then she received a letter from Bill, promising to come to San Diego for a visit in September. Through a lost small boy, Steve, Joan met his widowed mother, attractive Martha Chance, and her unlovable daughter, Judy. Accepted by Vincent Talbot, art instructor recommended by Mrs. Chance, Joan was at work on a portrait when Martha's sudden illness sent the Chance youngsters to stay with the Andrews temporarily.

## PART THREE

JUDY'S temper had been erupting like a volcano ever since Captain Andrews had phoned the thrilling news that they were all to go aboard the *Invincible* that afternoon. Three times she had zipped herself into a fresh dress for this eagerly awaited visit to the carrier, only to rip off the offending garment because it failed to make her look like a pin-up instead of a pigtailer.

"Every stitch I own makes me look ghoulily—simply ghoulily," she complained to Joan, who, looking cooler than she felt in a lettuce-green dress, was dusting powder over her nose.

"If only my mother were here she'd think of something sharp for me to wear," Judy muttered, her irritable tone accusing Joan of being no help at all in a major crisis.

Joan counted ten, her patience worn threadbare after a week of having Judy for a "house pest," as Phyl called her.

"Judy, honestly!" Joan's nerves were jumping like popcorn.

**Joan finds that pinch-hitting for a mother means never a dull moment—and then comes an inkling of the most exciting event yet**

Phyl, who was going with them, was due any minute. "I wish you'd settle for the plaid pinafore and stop feeling sorry for yourself. You ought to be happy that your mother's getting well. You're going to see her again this afternoon, and the trip to the flat-top will be fun—if you ever get ready."

Judy snaffled another dress from the closet and whirled to face Joan. "Fun for you, maybe," she said crossly. "You've got naturally curly hair and keen clothes and you're *seventeen*." She stressed the last word as if it encompassed all the blessings of heaven. And from her point of view it probably did. To her fourteen year old eyes, Joan's enviable age accounted for everything—good looks, popularity, talent. With complete illogic she even included the older girl's father. And as if that were not enough, her own mother now acted as if Joan were something pretty special. A wave of jealous resentment made her forget everything Joan had done for the Chances.

"Nobody can do anything about their age." Joan felt her own temper come to a slow boil. "Now for Pete's sake, stop modeling your gingham and making an issue of yourself. Phyl will be here before you're ready."

Judy had opened her mouth for a snappy retort that would have turned the preliminaries into the main bout, when a horn bleated.

"Hey," Phyl shouted, "don't you know what time it is? You're going to miss the boat. Come on—Stevie's already here."

Three minutes later Judy flounced toward the waiting car, and Joan bit back a reproach as she saw that the moment's lag between their exits had given the girl a chance at Joan's pet lipstick. The none-too-cordial smile she turned on Phyl looked as if it had a red bow tied around it.

"One, two, three," Joan said under her breath as she got into the seat beside Phyl. "If I keep on counting ten," she told her friend wryly as they exchanged commiserating glances, "I'll be a mathematician by the time Judy goes home." Still, if that smudge of grease paint made poor Judy feel any better, she guessed she could stand it. At least they were on their way.

Their arrival at the dock coincided neatly with Captain Andrews' and they were shepherded into the gig. Stevie's eyes snapped with excitement as he took in every detail of the little boat that was as shiny and bright as if it had been kept in cellophane. "Look at the white 'cats'!" He made them all laugh as he pointed at the foamy crests that dotted the choppy bay, where the party was being whisked out among big anchored ships.

Joan flicked a look at his sister, and was relieved to see that she seemed to be taking a mild interest in things. It was lucky they could have this trip. A whole week of trying to entertain Judy had left Joan limp, and the thought that it would still be some time before the children's aunt arrived was grim. But Stevie was a delight, and today should slide by on silk—if only Judy would behave herself.

She forgot all about her problem guest, however, when they passed a group of ships moored in a near-by channel, their gun-mounts shrouded in what looked like enormous metal igloos. "What are those uncanny things?" she asked her father.

"They're part of the moth-ball fleet," Captain Andrews explained. "Every one of those battle wagons, and hundreds like them, are on the inactive list. But thanks to those weird looking domes, and a lot of other scientific gimmicks you can't see, they're being kept in fighting trim, and could be ready for action the minute they came out of their protective covering."

"They look funny," Stevie wrinkled his nose at the modern marvel, that had only recently licked the vital problem of keeping Uncle Sam's huge reserve fleet in striking form should the terrible need for it ever come again.

Soon the *Invincible* loomed ahead of them—her vast, flat top looking as if it had been planed off by a giant. Only a few planes punctuated the sweep of the flight deck, but even without the wings that gave the ship her tremendous striking power she was oddly impressive, and Joan thought it was no wonder the carrier was called the Queen of the Sea. Glancing at her father, she saw his gray eyes light as if in recognition of an old and trusted friend. She could guess only dimly what he and that ship had been through together; what memories of pride and

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of pain and sacrifice the sight of it must bring back to him now.

Her own pulse beat fast when their craft slid alongside the curving walls that all at once reared mountainously above them. She could scarcely wait to go aboard. How wonderful it was that the *Invincible*, which had had so large a share in her father's life during some of the years when he had been almost a stranger to her, had been spared the fate of some of her sisters of the fleet, who would never sail again, though they and their courageous crews would live forever on the rolls of valor.

"Most of the planes are ashore for overhauling," the Commanding Officer explained. For a moment Stevie looked as crestfallen as if he had expected to see the flat-top's full complement of eighty planes taking off and landing, signal flags waving, antiaircraft guns barking, just as they had when the *Invincible*, as part of a Task Force, had done her tremendous and heroic job in the Pacific. But he brightened instantly when they all stepped on an outsize elevator, which at first glance looked like part of the deck. Then, as if they had been one of the aircraft it was designed to carry, they rode smoothly

down to the hangar deck. Even Judy seemed to be impressed.

Joan shivered as her father said, "That's the *Invincible's* score on Jap planes and ships sent to the bottom," when Phyl pointed to a row of small flags and ships painted on the bulkhead. During those battles her father had been on this very ship, and the bombers, torpedo planes, and fighters had been under his command. What had it been like, she wondered, trying to piece together the picture from the little he had told her. The long stretches of anxious waiting; the threat that the call to general quarters might come any second; the bells and loud-speakers sending every man to his battle station.

Stevie hadn't run out of questions when they reached the ready room. But he did pause to listen, round-eyed, while Captain Andrews told them how it would look on a typical Strike Day—the day of attack. "The pilots file in here before dawn," he said. "First they fill in their charts; then the squadron-leader commander briefs them. Suddenly the call comes, 'Pilots, man your planes!' and they all hurry topside to

(Continued on page 34)

Joan's patience was worn thin.  
"I wish you'd stop feeling so  
sorry for yourself," she said



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## Window on the Sea

(Continued from page 33)

the flight deck, scrambling into their flight jumpers. At the signal 'Start engines!' the deck comes to life in the darkness, the sound of racing engines grows to a thundering roar. Then, the final order, 'Launch planes!' and the flight-deck officer waves his paddles, like this." The captain demonstrated, to Stevie's delight. "Now the first plane is away," he went on. "It leaps into the sky, and one by one, the others follow, until the whole sky seems to be starred with red and green wing lights. Every plane has taken off. Strike Day has begun."

"Do—do they come back?" Stevie asked.

The captain frowned, perhaps remembering the planes that never did return. But he did not speak of that. "When their job is done, they report back to this same room," he said, "to tell what they've seen and done. Later they take off again."

The *Invincible* had begun to roll a little and Stevie pranced delightedly, mimicking the loud-speaker which now and then blared an order. All at once Joan looked around, startled. "Where's Judy?" she asked, her voice edged with alarm.

"Good grief, I've been so busy listening and looking, and keeping an eye on Stevie, I'd forgotten all about her," Phyl confessed.

No one could remember when they had last seen her, and Joan had a terrifying vision of Judy falling overboard. She remembered the girl's fear of the water and that she still stubbornly refused to so much as wade on their trips to beach and pool.

"She can't be far away," Captain Andrews said as they retraced their steps, searching all the places where they had been. There was still no sign of her, however, when the ship's bell sounded and a sailor hurried up and saluted the captain.

"The gig is waiting, sir," he reported.

"Have a look around for a girl in a plaid dress," the captain ordered. "We'll wait for her on deck."

Joan's worried eyes clung to her father. "Oh, Dad," she asked, "could she possibly have fallen overboard? She can't swim a stroke, you know."

"Don't worry," he said confidently as they started down to the deck. "Judy can take care of herself." But the minutes ticked by, and still no Judy. And now the sailor had returned—alone.

Captain Andrews scowled at his wrist watch. "Ask the C.O. to have the Officer of the Deck page Judith Chance over the loud-speaker," he instructed the sailor crisply. Then he turned to Joan. "You go on ahead with Stevie and Phyl," he told her. "Mrs. Chance is expecting you. We can't have her upset. I'll bring Judy along as soon as I locate her."

"Don't look so gloomy," Phyl said to Joan when the three of them were headed shoreward in the gig. "Little Missy is probably having herself a time. She's just found one more way to edge herself into the lime-light."

"Don't joke, Phyl, please," Joan begged. "Judy wouldn't miss seeing her mother for anything. Something must have happened to her, and it's all my fault for getting so wrapped up in seeing Dad's ship that I forgot about her."

"Rats," Phyl scoffed. "I'm on to Judy's tricks. Now look, Stevie, we don't want to

worry your mother. Let's keep this a top secret—shall we?"

Stevie nodded, enjoying the importance of being in a conspiracy with his elders.

"Just how am I to explain Judy's not coming?" Joan challenged.

"Just say your father was delayed and Judy will come with him," Phyl advised. "She'll probably get there almost as soon as you do."

Joan didn't think much of the excuse, but by the time they were in the car again, it was too near the close of the hospital's visiting hours to argue. The moment the car stopped at the entrance, she and Stevie raced for the door, hurried to the elevator, and were zoomed up to the sixth floor.

"Mrs. Chance is in the solarium," the floor nurse told them. They found her with a group of other patients, quietly basking in the sunlight. The youngster's rough curls nestled against her bed jacket for a moment; then, boylike, he pulled away abruptly.

"We've been aboard a great big ship," he announced importantly. "It's got an elevator as big as a tennis court and we rode on it." His eyes were bright with excitement, and everyone smiled as he catalogued the *Invincible's* wonders.

His mother waved a thin hand at Joan, who had waited in the doorway. "What a grand time you're giving my child," she smiled. "But where is Judy?" she asked, her smile fading. "She isn't ill again, is she?"

"Goodness, no. She's fine." Joan tried to believe her own words. "She's coming with Dad. He was held up."

Martha Chance relaxed against the big white pillow that made her hair look so black. "Silly of me to worry," she laughed. "But I thought none of you would ever get here. That's the worst thing about hospitals. You get to be a clock watcher, and time passes so slowly."

"There's a hospital on the *Invincible*." Stevie returned to his all-absorbing topic. "Only they call it sick bay."

Joan barely heard him. Her ears were straining for the sound of footsteps in the corridor. But they always went on past the sun porch. At last there was the murmur of rubber soles close by, and Joan looked up hopefully, only to see a starchy nurse who warned, "Visiting time's almost up."

A whole flock of mice seemed to be running along Joan's spine. Where, oh, where, was Judy? She'd never make it in time now. And if Mrs. Chance were alarmed, she might be ill again. Surely something had gone terribly wrong. Tensely she listened for the bell that would signal the end of visiting hours, as if she could delay its ringing by sheer will power. Stevie had found the crank on an empty bed and was delightedly raising and lowering the mattress when Joan swiveled around at the sound of a purposeful tread. Her father strode into the room, with Judy beside him.

It was a very subdued young girl who kissed her mother and stood back meekly to let her shake hands with the captain.

"I apologize for barging in on you like this," he smiled at the invalid. "But the floor nurse insisted it's against the rules for very young ladies to come here unchaperoned. I'm sorry we're so late."

Joan alternated between an urge to shake Judy and acute curiosity about what had happened to her. But Martha Chance seemed willing to let it go at that. She gestured toward an unfinished letter on the

(Continued on page 40)

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# TEEN SHOP talk

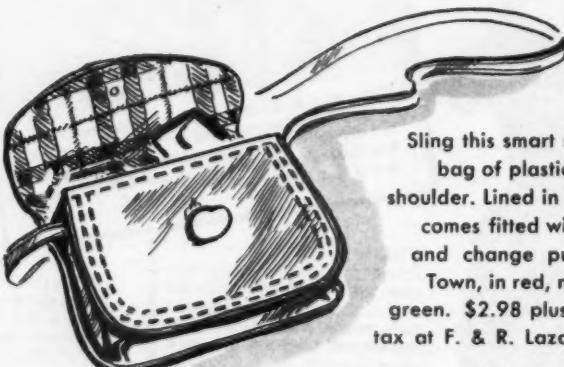
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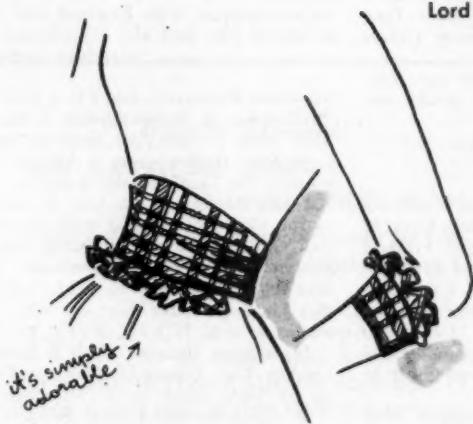
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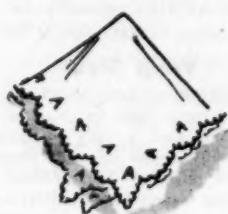
talk



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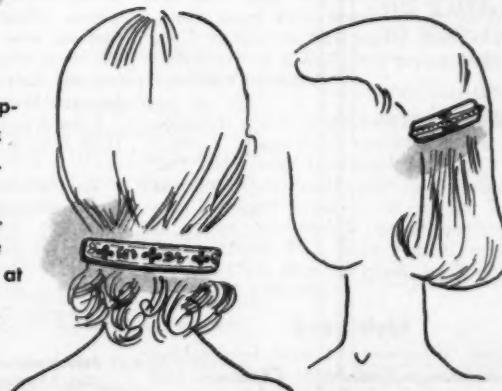


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### June Issue

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK: I just received the June issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL. I am certain that this one is better than the last. They improve each month.

I am twelve years old and in Girl Scout Troop 68. I go to Girl Scout Camp Amahami, outside Deposit, New York and *Canoeing Cues* helped a lot, because I am going to take up canoeing this year. I always turn to the jokes and *A Penny for Your Thoughts* first. I think *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and *All Over the Map* bring you in touch with other girls, their thoughts and ideas. I just adore your serials more each time. *Window on the Sea* is going to be swell, I can tell by the first part. *Two on Trial* and *Lost Birthday* were just super. Could you please have a story about a girl my age?

CAROL ANN BALL

LEXINGTON, TENNESSEE: My, what a delightful magazine! I can spend hours reading it. I think your fashions and patterns are simply adorable. I also think the covers are beautiful, especially the one on the June issue. Corine Gustafson is a perfect cover girl.

I enjoyed *Canoeing Cues* immensely, because I hope to become a Mariner soon.

I am fourteen years old and a freshman at Lexington high school.

ANNE HOWELL

### Fiction Comment

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL since after the war, when it became possible for us to subscribe for American magazines. Then I had never heard of your wonderful magazine; I just took the chance and I was fully rewarded. Indeed, the magazine was a pleasant surprise. I think I will continue and make it a lifelong subscription.

However, I think the girls in your stories are too much alike. I don't think I have ever read a story about a very rich or poor girl, or about an unpopular girl, for example. How about a Cinderella story for a change? But perhaps the average American teen-ager prefers to read of what is much her own story?

I really liked *Perpetua Puts One Over*. I think Perpetua has lots of personality, and it would be fun to meet her again.

ANNA-BRITA JOSEFSON

### Would-be Scout

GROVETON, NEW HAMPSHIRE: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for about fourteen months. I like it very much, especially the patterns and stories.

I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. They have no Girl Scouts up here, although by reading THE AMERICAN GIRL I know I would like to join.

SYLVIA FORBES

### American Girl Club

ST. JOHNSVILLE, NEW YORK: I think THE AMERICAN GIRL is a very good book. I liked it so much that I started a club and called it The American Girl's Club. There are ten members. We started with a party, and we use THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine for things we do. Later on we are going to make dresses with the patterns in your book. We are going to try *What's Your B. Q?* We wish that you had more quizzes like that.

We are all twelve or thirteen years old, and are going into the eighth grade next year.

LEE PERRY

### Stage Fright

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA: I am thirteen years old and belong to Girl Scout Troop 8. On May 27th we gave a minstrel. When I got up to say my part, I seemed to forget everything I should have known, I also confused the interlocutor. Can't you have an article on stage fright?

My family is moving, and your articles on bedroom decorating, etc., are going to be very useful.

I think your fashions are super, your stories swell, your covers wonderful—but how about some mystery stories?

PATRICIA PARKER

### Loyal Scouts

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS: I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade in West Side Junior High School. I am a Girl Scout and enjoy reading *All Over the Map*. This has helped me in my Scout work many times.

I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for almost a year and think it is wonderful.

ROBERTA VINSON

SPRINGFIELD, MINNESOTA: I am fourteen years old and in the ninth grade. I am a First Class Girl Scout and have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for three years. It has helped me greatly in Scout work.

I enjoyed *Beany Malone* very much. In the June issue I liked *Lost Birthday* and *Two on Trial*. Keep on with the serials.

BEVERLY SCHOCK

### Well-Read

OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN: I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL since Christmas and I eagerly look forward to every issue.

I love the styles you have in the magazine. I especially like the patterns, because my mother and sister make my clothes.

My magazines are read by a lot of people. When I first receive it my mother, my sister, and I read it as soon as we can. Then I take it to school, where all of my friends read it. After that I send it to my pen pal in England, where practically all of the girls in her form at school read it.

Besides writing to the girl in England I also write to a girl in Vienna, Austria. Our high school adopted a school in Vienna, and the students from the two schools communicate with one another. I think the correspondence with England and Austria is lots of fun, and also educational.

CAROLYN EMMRICH

MIDLAND, PENNSYLVANIA: I love your stories. *Declaration of Independence* is the one I liked best. I like your fashions and patterns. My mother sews a lot and she is sending for many of the patterns.

I like the article on Girl Scouts. I am in the Girl Scouts and I took THE AMERICAN GIRL to the troop meeting. They read the whole magazine, although I only brought it for them to read that article. But I was glad, for they saw what a good magazine it is.

In cooking class in school I showed my teacher THE AMERICAN GIRL, and she let us try Tuna Treat, in the May issue.

It was delicious. I tried the rest of the recipes at home. They were all good.

ROSE MARIE KROVISKY

### Wing Scout

HIALEAH, FLORIDA: Last summer our Senior Wing Troop flew to Nassau, in the Bahamas. We had a very enjoyable trip. We could only spend one day there, much to our own and the Nassau Girl Guides' sorrow. They were under the impression that we were staying the whole week end. We were asked to come again this summer, but we had made plans earlier to fly to Jamaica, West Indies.

I am a freshman at Miami Edison Senior High School and will be fifteen in September.

THE AMERICAN GIRL wouldn't be the same without the jokes, and how about more Pat Downing stories? *Window on the Sea* in the June issue, which I received yesterday, is a wonderful story, and I can't wait until next month. The other stories are also swell—keep them coming!

BARBARA ANTON

Please address your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

THE END



# "We're the talk of our school..." and here's why!

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# SPEAKING OF MOVIES



**A DATE WITH JUDY**—A super picture on all counts, with teenagers Elizabeth Taylor and Jane Powell in teen-age parts. Jane plays Judy. She and her b.f. (Scotty Beckett) are dominated by the more sophisticated Elizabeth, who causes trouble between them. Jane turns the tables by appearing at the school prom with Robert Stack, an older man of twenty-four. Music is by Xavier Cugat and Carmen Miranda. Fun for all.

**MELODY TIME**—This is Disney art at its old-time best, with sequences that rank with anything Disney ever created. You'll roar at the adventures of Little Toot, the naughty tugboat; the touching saga of Johnny Appleseed as sung by Dennis Day; and the hilarious life story of Pecos Bill, sung by Roy Rogers and the Sons of the Pioneers. The Andrew Sisters, Dinah Shore, and Fred Waring contribute their various talents.



**EASTER PARADE**—is a gay and entertaining musical, starring Judy Garland as Hannah Brown, and Fred Astaire as Don Hewes, with both of them at their very best. It's a cavalcade of Irving Berlin melodies, both old and new, and the stars, of course, play a song-and-dance team who struggle valiantly to make the big time. The supporting cast includes Ann Miller, Peter Lawford, Clinton Sundberg, Jeni Le Gon, and Jules Munshis.

**MICKEY**—brings a brand-new star to the screen in fifteen year old Lois Butler, a likable youngster with a wonderful soprano voice. There's not too much plot to this movie, but the character of Mickey is a convincing one. She's the town tomboy, who competes with the boys and generally wins out. Lois' songs will make you study harder at your own singing. Skippy Homeler (called "Skip") is her chief opposition.



by CAROL CRANE

## Window on the Sea

(Continued from page 34)

bedside table. "I was writing you a note to thank you for your great kindness in taking the children," she said. "But now I can try to say it in person." Joan thought she glimpsed a hint of tearshine in the big eyes.

They talked hurriedly for a moment, and Martha only had time to say that she would be leaving the hospital in a few days, and that her sister would arrive in time to look after Stevie and Judy until she was strong enough to take over. Then the bell rang and the visit came to an end with, for once, no stalling on Judy's part.

Now I'll find out what happened, Joan thought, as they left the hospital. But when the question fairly burst from her lips, her father motioned them sternly into his car. "Wait till we get home," he said. "Then, if Judy wants to, she can explain."

He's really angry, Joan thought—and no wonder. Judy had spoiled the day that was to have been so wonderful.

Judy was silent on the ride home, and all through dinner kept her eyes on her plate. Soon afterward she went to bed, obviously avoiding Joan. But when Joan followed, she was amazed to see her own bed neatly turned down. It was the first time Judy had ever done anything for her, and when she saw that the younger girl was still wide awake, she impulsively patted her shoulder as she thanked her.

At the touch, Judy began to sob. Joan sat down beside her, letting her cry for a moment. The youngster's misery touched a chord in her own memory. How often, only a short while ago, had she herself been bleak with unhappiness, and comfortless with no one to talk to?

"Maybe you'd feel better if you told me what happened," she suggested. All her anger at Judy had vanished, and in spite of the spoiled day, she wanted to help her.

Judy sobbed inconsolably for a time. Then, shoulders still heaving, she said. "Oh, Joan, I'm sorry I worried you all. And the worst of it is, I did it on purpose. I wanted to scare you."

"But why?" Joan's voice was puzzled.

Judy sat up, dashing tears from her eyes in a fury of self-pity. "Because," she cried, "everyone's horrid to me except Mother. On the ship you all paid attention to Stevie. Everybody always does. You didn't even know I was there." Sobs racked her again as she remembered how neglected she had felt. Then she went on with her confession. "When no one was looking I went and hid. I waited and waited, but nobody came, and then, when I heard my name being called on the loud-speaker, I wanted to stay there all day—just listening to it. Judith Chance! Judith Chance!" It made me feel important. Then I remembered about visiting Mother, so I ran back to the deck. Captain Andrews was there, waiting by the little boat. He didn't scold but he was awfully quiet and polite, and I know he hates me. Everybody hates me—they always have."

She buried her head in her pillow again, and Joan stroked the hair back from her hot, tear-wet face, trying to find the right words. She could understand why Judy had felt left out. People had a way of ignoring her in favor of Stevie, who was forever bubbling over with good spirits, in contrast to his sister's uncertain temper and almost com-

plete lack of interest in anything but herself. As a result, Judy was filled with envy of other people, and grabbed the chance to call attention to herself, even if it stirred up trouble. The moment she had disappeared, Phyl had guessed what she was up to. But the trait, unattractive as it was, didn't alter the fact that Judy was a very unhappy youngster, and Joan did want to hold out a helping hand.

"Listen, Judy," she began. "You've got a lot of imagination, and you've dreamed up most of this. People don't hate you. I know I don't. If you don't have a good time like Stevie and other kids, did you ever stop to think that maybe it's pretty much your own fault?"

The girl pushed Joan's hand away roughly. "It is not!" she cried furiously. "If it was, my mother wouldn't think I'm nice, and she does. She likes me better than anybody. At least she did till you came along with your messy old paints, and made her think that you're wonderful. You're mean—all of you!"

So that was why Judy had always been set against her! Well, there was no use trying to argue her out of it now, when she was all wrought up. Joan turned away, but Judy, now at fever pitch, would not let her go. Her voice shrill, she cried, "You think I'm too young to know what's going on, but I'm not fooled a bit."

Joan swung around, completely mystified as Judy added, "You think when they're married you can walk all over me! You'll take my place with Mom and—"

"Judy!" Joan cut in sharply. "What are you talking about? When who gets married?"

The younger girl's laugh was scornful. "As if you didn't know Captain Andrews is in love with my mother!"

Joan stared at her. "Why," she said, slowly. "I never heard anything so wacky in my life!"

Judy sat up. "It's true," she declared hotly. "He's crazy about her. Haven't you seen the way he looks at her? And she likes him, too. Stevie asked her, and she said so. I heard her. I—" She flopped back on the bed, the rest of her words smothered in her pillow.

Joan stood stock-still. "Golly!" she breathed. "Golly!" And all at once she was sure that Judy was right. She had noticed the quiet, almost solemn, way the two grownups looked at each other. She knew about the flowers her father had sent to the hospital almost every day. What a goon she had been! Of course Martha and her father cared for each other. Why, Phyl had hinted as much, she remembered, after she had seen them together at the dinner party at her house.

I'm glad, Joan thought. She would adore having Martha Chance for a mother. And who could ask for a sweeter little brother than Stevie? Miraculously, she might have a sure-enough family after all. Then the bright picture faded. As long as Judy distrusted her, as long as she insisted on thinking of her as a rival, what chance was there that they could ever be a happy family?

If only there were some way to prove to the younger girl that they could be friends! "Judy," she began softly. But Judy, exhausted, had fallen asleep.

Joan tiptoed away, wishing she could shake off the feeling that there was trouble ahead for all of them.

(To be continued)

The American Girl

## Are you in the know?



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### What's a jilted jane to do?

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## Adventure at Blair Ranch

(Continued from page 15)

She aimed as carefully as if she were gunning for a bird in flight. There was a loud report and one tire lay flat against the rim. Ginna shot again at another tire.

With a flood of curses ringing in her ears, she hurtled into the house, dragging the bolt across the front door. Taking aim at the truck, she had felt almost calm, but now panic mounted. Darting into the kitchen, she wrestled with the rusty bolt on the back door, until, with a lurch that nearly upset her, it grated into place. Running footsteps seemed to circle the house.

Someone kicked furiously at the back door. "Come out of there! Open up. Hand over that gun!"

Still hugging the twenty gauge, she rushed back into the hall, wondering where to hide. Shouts followed her. "Come back here, you fool!" Then there were more running steps.

Suddenly the roar of the motor ceased and the angry voices were still. Had she scared them away or were they planning revenge? The vacuum of silence pressed down like a weight while Ginna listened for the stamp of boots across the wooden porch, a battering on the front door. Had they crawled into the house through a window?

Then, with an almost instinctive action, she turned to the telephone on the wall and gave three quick rings.

Tim Thatcher answered. "Hello."

"Oh, Thatch! Is that you?" She was nearly crying now.

"Ginna! What's up? You sound terrified."

"Cattle rustlers, Thatch. They've taken Wee One, and a lot of your father's calves. I-I shot the tires on their truck and—"

"Where's Pop?" Thatch's voice had a new urgency.

"They're all at Gray Eagle. I-I didn't feel like—"

"You mean you're alone on the ranch? Ginna, that's—I'll be right over."

"No, Thatch! No! They might shoot at you coming up the road. I don't know what

they're doing or where they are now. Just send some help." Her voice rose out of its muffled whisper. "Thatch!" But Thatch had hung up.

Ginna leaned her head against the wall beside the telephone, limp with a new terror. If the thieves were lurking around and Thatch drove up the road, they'd certainly get him. The jalopy didn't even have a top. Perhaps they were hiding in the willow scrub across the road. Or changing tires. She ran to a front window to peer out cautiously. The truck stood deserted under the glaring floodlight, listing toward the house on its two shattered tires.

What a fool she'd been to leave the light on, making the whole front of the house as bright as day! Now Thatch would walk straight into the limelight. As she watched, a shadow seemed to tremble as if someone were crouched on the far side of the truck. The gun flew to Ginna's shoulder and she squinted tensely through the sights until the shadow dissolved in air.

If only there were some way to reach out the window and turn off the light. Well

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—there wasn't. Nothing for it but to unbolt the door and walk the length of the porch once more. Tiptoeing to the front door, she inched back the bolt and opened the door just wide enough to slide out, eyes straining for the slightest movement behind the truck. If I move slowly, she reasoned, I can keep the gun in position. Board by board, her feet covered the distance until one finger touched the switch. A sharp click and heavenly blackness swallowed up the truck, the barn, the whole world.

By the time she was inside the house again, she was shaking all over. "Stop it, Ginna Blair. Stop it!" she told herself. "You've got to cover Thatch." She pressed her body against the door, every sense alert for a脚步 or a voice. Finally she ran to the window and knelt down, waiting and watching through a black eternity of time.

A shape stirred in the shrubbery and Ginna's finger trembled on the trigger. Then Thatch's whistle came fluting out of the dark. Once more she dragged the bolt back from the door, and they faced each other in the hall where Ginna had felt sure she would never see him again.

"Oh, Thatch! Are you all right?"

"Sure I'm all right." He was panting as if he had run the whole way. He carried a gun under one arm. "Where are they? Do you know?"

Still trembling, Ginna struggled to make her voice sound steady. "Your car. Where is it?"

"I rode—bareback—across the pasture. Punch is tied up by the creek. I figured they might be hiding in the old mill and try to pot me if I drove."

"Oh, Thatch, you shouldn't have come. I guess your ring was the first thing I thought of when I saw the phone. I only meant you to send help."

"Of course I came! I called Gray Eagle, and the whole valley'll be over here looking for those birds."

They stood huddled shoulder to shoulder, their guns resting on the high back of the desk, directly opposite the front door. Ginna didn't speak because she couldn't.

"Ginna. You're shaking. Don't be frightened. You probably scared them off and they're hiding somewhere, waiting to make a getaway."

"I can't help it, Thatch. I was so afraid they'd get you."

"Can't see why you worried about me," Thatch said brusquely. "I should think you'd hate me."

Ginna tried desperately to make her voice sound casual. "I supposed you'd be at the dance. I just wanted to tell your father—"

"Dad left early."

"But you—why—"

"Sh-sh! Listen!" He laid a hand across her mouth and the question hung in the air between them, unanswered. Far off, like an echo, they caught the wailing of a siren. "Sounds like the sheriff," Thatch breathed.

Heedlessly Ginna wiped sweating palms on her best skirt. "How come you hadn't left for Gray Eagle too?"

"The jalopy wouldn't start."

"Again?"

"I didn't really want to go very much."

"Didn't want—but why?"

"It's kind of hard to explain. Arlene—you see—"

"You mean Arlene is waiting for you? Now?"

(Continued on page 45)

The American Girl

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Here's the *Ida May*. Her log describes some fifty years of coastal service

Under the skipper's eye, Girl Scout Mariners try their hand at the helm

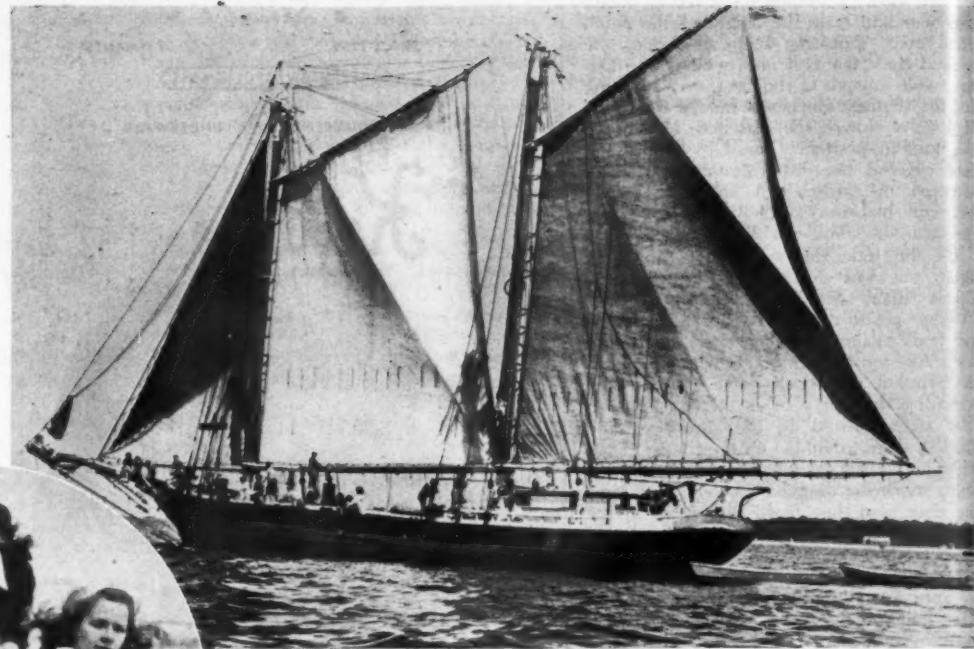


Photo by Platnick

## *Cruise* of the *Ida May*

by ANNE BRONKHORST

THE yellow moon rose over Oyster Bay, on Long Island, Saturday night like a gold doubloon, and all hands on the two-masted schooner clambered out of the hold to watch her, like pirates after gold.

But these were not pirates, and this was not the age of Spanish doubloons and sailing ships. These were Girl Scouts of Pleasantville and Briarcliff Manor, New York, getting acquainted with sea life on a two days' cruise on the old-time windjammer schooner, *Ida May*, her first trip of the season with Girl Scout Mariners out of City Island, New York.

Skipper St. Ormond, owner of the ship, and his crew were in the galley drinking coffee. They had seen the full moon from the deck often enough. But the Mariners were going to miss nothing. Early that morning twenty-four of them, seven leaders, and Mr. Lloyd, a member of the Pleasantville troop committee, had assembled at Anderson's Wharf, City Island, New York, their gear stowed in duffel, their eyes on the schooner lying at anchor off the pier, and their spirits high. They were going sailing on 105 feet of floating timber, and iron, and canvas, to find out at firsthand how the *Ida May's* crew sailed her and what sea life was like.

As soon as a tug had transported the group from Anderson's Wharf to the schooner, and each Mariner had chosen her bunk and cabinmates and stowed her gear, a general meeting was held in the galley over an early lunch—the sea air had already sharpened appetites—and the Pleasantville Mariners hoisted their troop pennant, after the American flag, to the main topsail yard.

The afternoon was spent in what is known, on land or sea, as loafing. There was a steady wind and the crew needed no assistance in keeping the schooner under way, so most of the Mariners took advantage of the first sunny spell over New York in weeks, and lay on the decks getting tanned. Occasionally a lively discussion started over a passing craft. Was it a yawl,

or a sloop? Was it another schooner—or something else? "It's a yawl. It has a main and mizzen mast."

"Yes, but the mizzen is aft of the helm on a yawl. This one has the mizzen forward."

"Then it's a ketch," someone pointed out, and the books were brought out to prove her right. By the end of the trip, after a passing parade of sloops, launches, and catboats, to name a few, the books disappeared and the main types of craft could be identified at sight.

"Well, we have our sea legs now," announced a blond Mariner as she set off to find the mate, who had promised to take everyone over the ship and name the parts. He was as good as his word and better.

He told how belaying pins were shaped so that they could be removed from their holes along the gunwales, and yet stick firmly enough to hold fast the lines from sails, mast, and other rigging that were attached to them. "Sailors used to fight with belaying pins sometimes," said the mate. "They found them handy." He loosened one and waved it threateningly toward the group. Then he passed the belaying pin around, and the Mariners commented on how heavy it was for a nine-inch pin, and readily agreed that it must have been a handy weapon.

Captain Adams was at the wheel as the group worked its way aft. The mate had explained that the *Ida May* was over fifty years old, and that she had sailed the waters of the East Coast with cargo and passengers most of that time, but it was Cap'n Adams who had been with her longest and knew her history best.

Captain Adams is a man who doesn't waste words. His eyes and mind are eternally on the sea. But a question put here and there by a patient listener brought more history from him.

"What's that rope?" one Mariner asked, pointing to a halyard from the main mast.

The mate appeared again, out of nowhere. "Rope," he said,

"is rope only when it is new and not in use. When it is used for something it's called line, or maybe a halyard or rigging. Just like a cowboy's rope that he uses to rope cattle—as soon as he loops it into a noose it's a lariat, not a rope. Rope is rope as long as it's just lying around waiting to be used, like in a hardware store, but as soon as you tie it into a knot or use it to hoist a sail, it's a line."

After another generous meal in the galley the Mariners decided to retire. There was something unusually attractive about lying in a bunk, and feeling the very gentle movements of a schooner under way, that appealed to the Mariners. Occasionally the salt air scented the hold, the tide scooped the schooner alee, and the Mariners giggled.

Then someone leaned down the hatch and said that the moon was coming up. Twenty-four Mariners in pajamas scrambled on deck. A flash camera appeared and Jean, a serious-minded Mariner, caught the golden orb for the record.

On Sunday, the troop-committee member donated his muscular strength to rowing Mariners to church on shore, and then swiftly the hours slipped by. Diving into the water off the port side, packing, taking more pictures, arguing over knots, practicing a hornpipe on a lurching deck, and then joining in a brief, quiet ceremony known as Scout's Own, filled up the remaining few hours. A wonderful meal of roast ham and all the trimmings, supplied by Skipper St. Ormond and cleared up by the Mariners, brought the entire group back to anchor at City Island all too soon. The sun was setting, the wind and waves were high, and the cruise was over.

Next year the Pleasantville and Briarcliff Manor Girl Scout Mariners hope to sail the *Ida May* themselves. "Now that we know how that mains'l boom sweeps over the deck," they say, "we can handle it."

THE END

## Adventure at Blair Ranch

(Continued from page 43)

"No. She got mad finally." Thatch's lean body tensed as the siren shrilled again, unmistakable now, far down the highway. "I called her twice. Said I'd come as soon as I could get the motor going. She said she was tired of waiting for my old crate. Wasn't going to hang around home all night and miss the dance, and there were plenty of other guys with decent cars would be glad to take her. Finally I found a crank in the barn and got the engine running. Then I telephoned again. Her grandmother answered. Said Arlene had left word for me she'd gone and I needn't bother to come."

"Oh, Thatch, I'm sorry." Ginna wasn't sure whether she was going to laugh or cry.

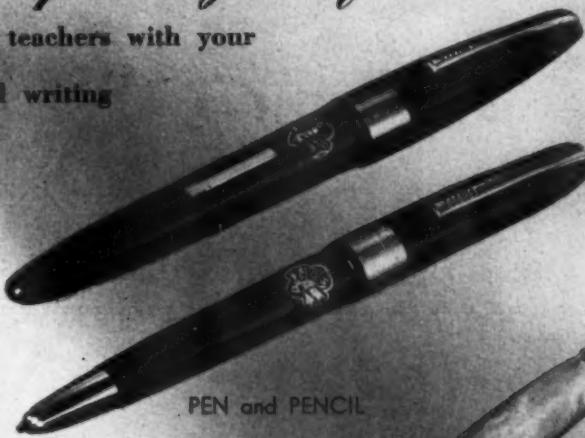
"You needn't be," he said curtly, getting it over. "It's okay. I'm satisfied. Arlene doesn't ever want to do anything. Just ride around in my jalopy. When I asked her to go quail shooting she thought I was kidding. And I like to—well—you know how it is—on a ranch! There's a million things to do."

Through the window Ginna caught the flicker of headlights between the trees. More headlights racing up the road.

"Yes, Thatch," she said huskily, "I know how it is on a ranch."

THE END

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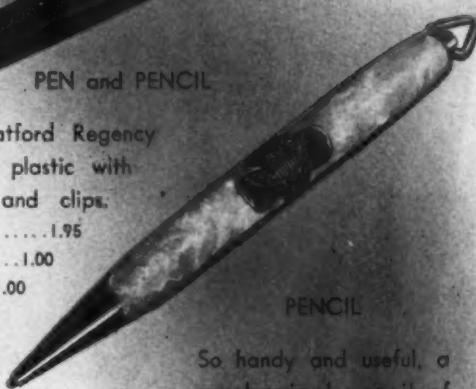
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# ALL OVER THE MAP

Paul Parker photo



Girl Scouts of New Jersey who collected half a truckload of clothing for a burned-out farm family

• **Working toward their goal** of becoming an International Troop as soon as all present members are eligible to register as Senior Scouts, Troop 2 of Presque Isle, Maine, has an interesting project afoot. It has adopted a Polish Girl Scout who lives in Warsaw, and has undertaken to supply her with food, clothing, and other necessities for at least a year. A box of food will be sent every month, and clothing boxes will go four times during the year. The Polish girl, whose name is Krystyna Maryliska, is thirteen, has two sisters, and is the daughter of two artists in Warsaw. Krystyna's mother, who reads and writes English, has sent some interesting letters to the Presque Isle Scouts about her daughter, and each one has been illustrated with a drawing or a painting.

• **A letter** from Girl Scouts of Owensboro, Kentucky, reports that Girl Scouts there have had a great deal of success in using aluminum foil in a new method of outdoor cooking. "We have been able to cook everything but oatmeal and coffee with aluminum foil," they say, and tell that they are now working on those two problems! Biscuit dough, wrapped in foil, they have baked to a golden brown; and the girls have also found that they were able to save all the juices in cooking their pioneer drumsticks. It took quite a lot of experimentation and keeping of time charts before they found the perfect methods—learning by trial and error, for instance, that aluminum foil should not be placed in direct flames or on extremely hot coals. An average serving of steak or hamburger and vegetables, put on the foil, folded over, and the edges closed, takes just about twenty minutes to cook, they discovered.

• **It's been a busy season** for Girl Scouts of Troop 175 in Kansas City, Missouri. Climaxing a sewing session in which each girl made herself a dress, they put on a style show in a local store, the girls modeling the dresses made as part of the requirements for earning the Girl Scout Clothing badge. Another feature of the show was an exhibition of amateur photography and a talk on "How to Make Better Snapshots" by their photography consultant, in connection with the Photography badge for which the girls also are working. And now these Girls Scouts have rolled up their sleeves to get to work on their Clothes for Friendship kits for children overseas—their quota is going to be filled!

• **A fire down the road** quickly changed the plans of Lone Troop 1 of Milford, New Jersey, recently—plans which were made for filling several Clothes for Friendship kits to be sent to children overseas. The fire, in a near-by farmhouse, burned out and left destitute a family which included seven children. Deciding to fill the need at hand first, Troop 1 immediately got together half a truckload of clothes for the family, and delivered them in person. That taken care of, the Scouts have gone back to their Clothing Kits for overseas, and they're working hard to make up for lost time.

• **When you read this**, two lucky Senior Girl Scouts will have landed in Sweden to be the guests of the Swedish Girl Guides at their summer camp near Olofsburg! From among all those eager to go, Maralene and Dorothea Swanson, of Tuckahoe, New York, were selected for their record of com-

munity service, knowledge of the Girl Scout program and of their own country, camping skills, and other qualifications set up by the Girl Scout organization. Maralene and Dorothea, wishing to be good ambassadors for their country, learned as much Swedish as they could master before they sailed.

• **Bookbinding** has been to the fore with Troop 6 of Sugar Grove, Pennsylvania. They have been helping to put together a bound set of "Nature Magazine" with issues running from January, 1923, to the present time. The girls, who worked to earn their Bookbinder badge, made their own designs and applied them in color to the end papers, and each bound one volume of the magazine. At a library near by the troop received their instructions on rebinding library books, learned twenty bookbinding terms, and helped repair and rebind some of the worn books in the library's children's department. The Scouts also prepared an exhibit on the history and art of bookbinding for the Sugar Grove Reading Club, which included the tools they used in their work—some of them homemade. By the way, the bound volumes of "Nature Magazine," when completed, will be made available to Boy and Girl Scout troops, and local school children for nature study and science work.

• **Logan, Utah**, reports a most successful response to their clothing drive for Clothes for Friendship kits. With a membership of two hundred girls, they have already packed over fifty Clothing Kits. This well-organized project started off with information given to Scouts, leaders, and mothers at special meetings and teas. Subsequently, one month was given to collecting the clothes and taking them for storage to a district depot in the home of a mother or council member in each district. The next month was given to sorting and packing the kits for shipment. Underwear, socks, caps, and mittens proved to be scarce items, and needing money to buy these and meet other expenses, a "French-Dressing Fund" (a money-raising project suggested in last February's *AMERICAN GIRL*) was started. Troops collected empty jars, painted the lids, and labels were designed and printed. Naming it the "Friendship Dressing," they sold it to raise the needed funds.

Girl Scouts of the San Fernando Valley, in Southern California, are making a specialty of collecting kits of clothing for boys and girls just their own age. Bob Burns, the radio and screen star, was one of the many people they called on for a donation of clothing. With three children of his own, Mr. Burns gave them a large bundle of clothing.

Port Washington, New York, reports the shipment of 517 Clothes for Friendship kits—the wonderful result of another well-organized project to collect clothing for children overseas. Their drive was started by local Girl Scouts distributing handbills from door to door, calling attention to the fact that several days later that home would be visited again—this time to pick up any clothing which could be donated, or perhaps a small cash donation toward the expense of mailing the kits. Two articles in the local paper explained the entire Clothes for Friendship plan to the public. Clothing, when collected, was taken to a room loaned for the purpose by the American Legion; but before half a day elapsed, the Scouts had to overflow into another large room beside it. Volunteers sorted clothing all day, and realizing that the kits could never be packed in such cramped quarters, arrangements were made for them to overflow farther—this time into a church basement where there would be room enough. Every day for three weeks, except Sundays, volunteers and Girl Scouts sorted and packed after school. And when it was all over, Port Washington found that it had shipped 4,200 pounds of clothing. **THE END**



Photo by William Leftwich

These American Scouts are camping with Swedish Guides



R. S. Richards

Each Kansas City Scout made her dress for a style show



Johnny Corbin Photo

Bob Burns contributes to a clothing drive in California

## HEADLINE NEWS

### IN GIRL SCOUTING

## Good Show

(Continued from page 17)

red cards for one team, blues for the other.

Alice and Dorothy both drew red cards. They were congratulating themselves on their good luck when Charlotte Nelson, the new girl, drew a blue card.

"There we go!" Dorothy muttered. "We lose the diving. I know you've been practicing like mad, but do you think you can possibly beat her?"

Alice ignored the question, but she had not missed the obvious implication. Who was there on the Red team who could dive against Charlotte? Alice Bennet, who in spite of frenzied diving practice was master of only four dives, all of which would bring mild cheers from her friends, and none of which would be worth looking at after Charlotte took off! And who would be present at the Water Festival to see her? Ed Meier, captain of the Central High Aquatic League, handsomest man in the school—and, she admitted bitterly, just one of George's friends who never thought of her as anything but George's sister. She had told Dorothy that Ed was coming out to see her, but she knew already whom it was he would see—Charlotte Nelson, flying above the diving board like a bird. That is, he would see Charlotte if he saw anyone. Alice was comforting herself with the thought that Ed generally ignored not only herself but all girls, when she became aware of the shouts of the Red team.

"Come on, Alice. We've got to make

plans. We just elected you captain, so hurry up," Elly called, as Alice came over.

The old enthusiasm came back with the excited talk of who would perform in the various parts of the meet, and Alice soon found herself agreeing to enter all three of the races. Dorothy could be counted on for all of them, too, and Elly and Jane, Jo and Fran, would split them.

"You won't have any breath left for diving, Ally," Jo commented.

Alice looked straight at her. "I know it."

There was a stubborn note in Alice's voice, and no one spoke for a moment. Then she broke the silence herself. "I'm not going to dive this year."

"Who else stands a chance against Charlotte?" Elly demanded.

"Don't get stuffy now, for heaven's sake," Jane put in. "Even if we can't win, we have to put up some sort of a show, and you're the only one who stands a chance."

"You only have to do four dives, Al," Dorothy reminded her. "How do you know you can't beat Charlotte in a couple?"

"How do I know?" Alice retorted. "I've seen her dive, haven't I? I'm not going to get up there and make a fool of myself."

Fran pleaded, "Come on, be a sport, Alice."

"Everyone knows I've won the diving every other year, and I'm not going to show myself up this year. You can split the dives."

"Thanks," Fran remarked coolly, and stood up. "I'd love to fall off the diving board to win a few points from Charlotte."

Alice suddenly stood up, too, her face flushed. "Can I help it?" she sputtered. "Can I help it if nobody else in this camp

can stand on the end of a diving board without getting dizzy?" She flung her towel around her neck and started up the path toward camp. But the silence behind her made her uncomfortable, and after a few steps she paused and looked back. "I'm sorry," she called, and there was a quiver in her voice. "I didn't mean to lose my temper, but I'm not going to dive."

The day of the Festival began with a cold mist that was as cheerless as the hearts of the Red team. Alice told Dorothy that she would be happy to see the sky open up and let down an all-day hail, and Dorothy replied that if it did, it would suit her if a couple of hailstones hit Alice on the head and knocked some sense into her. "I don't understand how you can be so stubborn," she said. "It's not like you."

"The rest of you will do all right," Alice muttered.

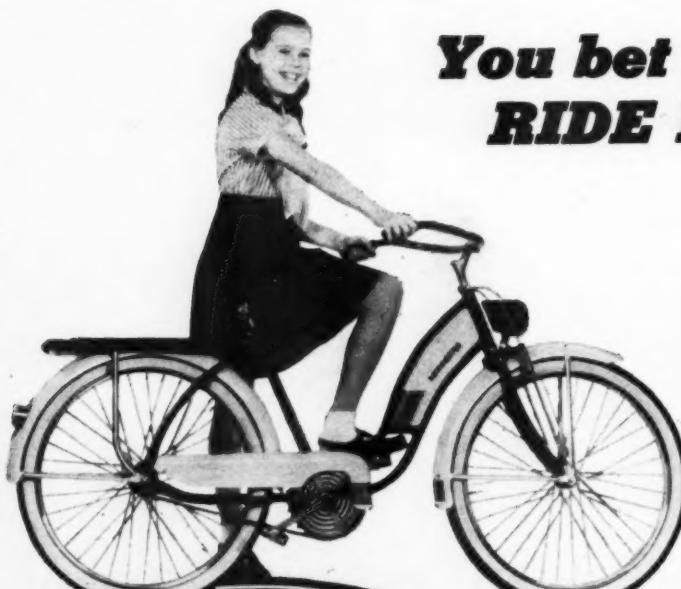
At three o'clock, almost on the dot, the sunlight broke through in earnest and the lake turned silver and blue again. Girls were hurrying down the path to the water front, and in the distance Alice could hear the horns and motors of visitors' cars gathering in the parking lot. She thought she might see Ed and George before the swimming started, but apparently they had not arrived, and she went on down to the shore.

"They'll have a good laugh," she thought glumly. She wished she hadn't talked about swimming all the time at home.

"Are you diving with me?"

Alice started as Charlotte fell into step beside her. "Diving against you, you mean," she corrected, managing a smile. "No, the rest of my team are splitting the dives. I'll

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Destined to become identified with the "better light, better sight" program, Aileen was born in Marlboro, New Hampshire. There she attended grade and high schools before entering Simmons College which graduated her with a B.S. degree in secretarial work. Upon graduation, Aileen went to Cleveland.



Undaunted, Aileen asked for a transfer to the Home Lighting staff. For seven years she traveled, led training schools, and wrote for trade papers and magazines. She also headed the Illuminating Engineering Society's Cleveland Residential Lighting Forum.

## SHE POINTS THE WAY TO A BRIGHTER LIFE

*The Story of Aileen Page*

LIGHTING has come a long way from primitive torches and oil lamps. Lighting's scientific progress has been speeded by General Electric's contributions in which Aileen Page has played an interesting role. She is official spokesman and hostess at *Horizon House*, the General Electric Lamp Department's outstanding home-lighting demonstration center at the Lighting Institute at Nela Park in Cleveland, Ohio.

Starting as a secretary, Aileen has worked for and with engineers to gain a reputation as one of the top home-lighting specialists in the industry. She feels that if she can only convey to her audiences her own enthusiasm for the *Horizon House* lighting, which may be years ahead of general lighting practices, she can inspire home owners, architects, and contractors to use *Horizon House* lighting ideas in hundreds of homes in America. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.*



She became secretary to a man who was named the Lamp Department's engineering director. This association fired her ambition to study engineering phases of home lighting. Just as she was appointed home lighting specialist for a traveling lighting institute, appendicitis halted her short of her goal.



War led to industrial lighting layout work. Aileen's jewelry-making hobby had developed her manual dexterity. This was "drafted" for war production. She taught girls to hand-make projection lamp filament coils. At war's end she went to *Horizon House*.

**GENERAL**  **ELECTRIC**

be kept pretty busy with all the races."

Charlotte looked surprised. "I don't understand," she exclaimed. "I was sure they would choose you for the diving!" They were at the shore now, and the teams were lining up, but Charlotte ignored Miss Pearson's whistle long enough to say that she was sorry—it would have been much more fun to compete with a good diver. Alice tried to shake off a funny little feeling of shame.

Miss Pearson, standing out on the tip of the diving board, raised her megaphone for attention, the girls became silent and alert, and there was a buzz of excitement from the crowd gathered on the banks. Alice caught her breath at the sight of the crowd, and a moment later realized that the two arms waving at her from the front row belonged to Ed and George. She nodded toward them and turned her attention back to Miss Pearson.

"The advanced swimmers will compete in the crawl race," the instructor announced. "The Blue team is captained by Pat Porter. The Red team is captained by Alice Bennet. The race will be once across the area to the opposite pier."

The whistle blew, and the four members of each team lined up at the edge of the pier.

Miss Pearson was calling the count. "One!" The crowd was silent. "Two." Alice's toes curled over the edge of the boards. The force of her determination to win in the races, at least, made her whole body tense.

Then the whistle! With one movement the eight girls went like arrows into the water. Alice's dive took her straight beneath the surface, and she shot along as if she had really been released by a taut bow. "You must come in first, you must come in first," she found herself repeating over and over in time with her strokes; and then the white posts of the opposite pier were before her eyes and she was clinging to one, gasping for breath and listening blissfully to the applause of the crowd. Dorothy and Elly were close beside her, and Jane came in after the first two Blue swimmers. "Good work," Alice beamed at her teammates.

Then the teams were in the lake for the two lengths of the free-style race. At the opposite pier Alice did the best racing turn of her life. In a flash she was a quarter of the way across the area again, stroking with swift, strong arms, pulling the water hard, lifting herself forward with each stroke. She was sure she was ahead, and for one fleeting instant, risked turning her head to catch a glimpse of the crowd.

Then she became aware that someone was swimming near her shoulder. It was a Blue cap. "No," she told herself grimly, "they can't do this—I won't let them beat me." She reached forward until her arms seemed a mile ahead of her, and drew against the water with all her strength. Again and again she reached out, kicking with all her might. Her breath burned in her throat and sharp pains ran hotly across her shoulders. Could

she keep it up? She must: if she couldn't shine at diving, no one was going to beat her at swimming. She forced her tired arms out once again, and then there was a great shout, and she was grasping a pier post, sputtering, blowing, and grinning with Dorothy and the Blues.

"I almost beat you," Pat Porter was saying. "I caught up to you once, but I swallowed your old waves."

There was a flutter of clapping that brought their attention back to the lake as fourteen girls in yellow suits and lavender caps filed out on the pier. Alice was glad of the chance to talk things over with her team as the other group went into the graceful patterns of the water waltz. When it ended, Miss Pearson had to blow her whistle three times before the applause died out and she could announce:

"Back-crawl race."

This time Alice did not look at the audience as she swam. She saw nothing but the blue sky and her own arms flashing past her eyes. She was not going to risk losing even an inch this time.

But her racing turn was not strong, and when she broke the surface on the return length she glimpsed a foot passing her. She took a deep breath that gave new power to her flutter kick.

The water churned about her and she began to gain. She was getting a second wind, and the distance between her and the feet opposite her shoulders was lessening.

But a shout went up when she was still two strokes from the pier. She clung to the post, sick with disappointment. Then she looked around to see which Blue had won.

But it was not a Blue at all! It was Dorothy, laughing and shaking hands with Elly. Alice hoisted herself out of the water and scrambled across to Dorothy. "Was that you?" she cried. "Gosh, was that you, Dorothy?"

There was no doubt that it was Dorothy, and the Red team were in high spirits as they hurried back to the shore, to rest while announcements were made and another team paddled into the area to give a canoe

demonstration. Alice had not thought about diving since the whistle had blown for the first race. Now she was rejoicing over the triumph of the Reds. "What a team," she grinned. "You were simply swell, Dorothy. You and Elly were so far ahead in that last race I didn't even see you."

"You came in right at my heels, Ally. Boy, we certainly showed up the Blues."

"Say, uh-Ally." Jane's voice was hesitant, and the others stopped chattering.

"Yes?"

"Well—look. We've won the swimming points so far. So how about you changing your mind and entering the diving for us? Maybe we can—"

"And maybe we can't," Alice finished for her. "I'm not on the list, anyway, so the rest of you had better get ready."

Fran giggled and looked embarrassed. "But our names aren't on the list. Yours is."

"We thought you would change your mind, really we did," Dorothy explained hurriedly. "We didn't believe you would really let us down."

Alice looked out at the diving board. For an impulsive moment she wanted to give in. The lake was a brilliant blue, and the board was inviting her to step out and show the crowd what she could do. Then she remembered how she would look against Charlotte. "No," she said, "I can't. I'll have to tell Miss Pearson there's been a mistake."

"Look here, Ally," Dorothy burst out, "you're just being stubborn. You can dive better than any of us, and you owe it to the team. I'll go out there and dive if you say so, but you'll never want to look yourself in the eye again if you let me, and you know it. If I could dive half as well as you can, I wouldn't be afraid to face Charlotte."

"I'm not afraid!" Alice snapped back. "I've just got too much sense!" She clenched her fingers around her towel and glared at Dorothy. Dorothy glared back.

But suddenly she was not seeing Dorothy. She was realizing, way down in her heart of hearts, that it was true—she was afraid of Charlotte. She was afraid of being beaten, and she was jealous. At the same time she

was furious with herself for being afraid. If she stayed on the side lines and watched Charlotte win without any competition to speak of, she would lose more than just the contest. She would lose the last drop of her own self-respect. She looked away from Dorothy, fighting down the hopelessness that was in her heart, and said huskily, "Okay, kids, I'll dive. We may not have much chance to win, but I'll do my best to put on a good show."

There was no time for anything more. The whistle blew, and the two teams hurried once more to the pier. The first few minutes of informal diving flew by, and then the final contest was announced. "Charlotte Nelson, diving for the Blue team," came Miss Pearson's voice from the megaphone. "Alice Bennet for the Red team. The four dives will be the plain front, the swan, the back dive, and the jack-knife."



"I'd love to go out with you, but I'm helping Mother clean house!"





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She managed to break in among the gathering on the shore to congratulate Charlotte. "You were grand," she told her, trying not to show her envy. Then she broke quickly away, and hurried miserably toward her tent to change into her shorts. Well, she'd done it now. Made a fool of herself before the whole crowd. Ed and George were probably laughing themselves sick at her this minute. She wished she could stay in the tent and not have to see them at all.

But someone stood in her way. She stopped and looked up at Ed Meier.

"We've been hunting all over for you," he said. "Say, you were good. Plenty good. I thought George was kidding when he told me how good you are."

Alice swung her cap from her forefinger and her misery lightened a little. "Do you really think so?" was all she could think of in answer.

"Sure I do. You and that Nelson girl really put on a good show."

"Thanks," she laughed, her heart suddenly singing. Then she remembered that she was standing in her dripping bathing suit, with her hair stringing down her neck. "I've got to change," she added quickly.

"Look, I'll give you ten minutes to change, and then I'll meet you at the parking lot. We've a picnic lunch. George says for you to bring a girl named Dorothy."

Alice was halfway down the path as she called back, "Make it fifteen. I'll have to find Dorothy."

"Ten," he shouted. "Only ten minutes for speed champions."

THE END

## On the Fairway

(Continued from page 22)

pointers to help you. A light canvas bag is cheaper, and will be easier to carry if you're saving caddy fees by toting your own clubs. Next you'll want to choose clubs that are the best you can afford and that feel best to you, because your game form will be only as good as your equipment. When you're selecting your clubs, try to take along someone who has a good working knowledge of golf or seek the advice of a professional. If you have to get along with a minimum of clubs, choose the five basic ones: brassie, putter, and numbers 3, 5, and 8 irons. Then add to these as your finances—and your game—improve. Prices on clubs start at under five dollars each, by the way; on balls, around thirty-five cents each.

You'll do best if you can get instruction at the beginning before you have a chance to form bad golfing habits. Maybe your dad, brother, or some other golfing relative or friend will start you off. Municipal, public, and semiprivate golf clubs are on the increase, and a golf pro almost always is willing to take on a group of teen-agers for a modest fee at a time of day and week when he isn't too busy.

If golf isn't being taught in your immediate vicinity, perhaps you can take the case to your school athletic director, because more and more high schools and colleges are adding golf to their sports agenda. Camp counselors, Girl Scout leaders, and club directors are some more people you can interest. The National Golf Foundation in Chicago will help you with material to set up such a program. As a matter of fact, any golf organization, association, or professional will be more than glad to help.

But let's get on with the golfing game

now. Here you are all equipped with a set of clubs and not knowing what the score is, except that the lowest is the best.

Now you can start practicing. If you have a back yard, lay down a door mat so that you won't dig up your dad's treasured lawn. Use a cotton-crocheted ball (about twenty-five cents at sporting goods stores) or a "comeback"—a device, selling for around \$4.00, which withholds the ball's flight.

All set? Then grasp that club near the top of the callous pad. Actually there are various popular grips and you'll want to experiment and find the one most comfortable and effective for you. For instance, there is the "natural" or "baseball" grip, where all the fingers are placed around the shaft of the club, as in gripping a baseball bat. There is the "overlapping" grip, a strong combination finger-and-palm hold which I prefer. Here the right little finger overlaps the left index finger. Another popular grip is the "interlocking," much like the overlapping except that the little finger of the right hand is hooked, or locked, to the left index finger. In any grip, the left-hand should have the stronger grip, and don't hold the shaft too tightly or you'll retard club-head speed. Your object is to keep the club from twisting in your hands.

Your stance plays an important part in your game too, so follow the lead of the golf masters. Stand fairly erect, with your feet a little apart. Bend enough so that your arms hang comfortably from the shoulders, and flex your knees to give you an easy feeling. But remember, these aren't musts! Whatever is most comfortable for you and gets results is all right.

The swing's the thing to make or mar your game, so take heed to every word your pro has to say about it. Rhythm, balance, and co-ordination are the secret of a perfect swing and the key to long hitting. Tension or tightening up of the muscles will cost you a poor shot, so relax, take a loose, practice swing or two, and have confidence!

Now begin your stroke by placing your club head behind the ball and then starting to move it back and away from the ball with your left arm. The left side twists toward the right, and as your arm brings the club to the top of your swing, the club shaft is horizontal with the earth, as in the sketch.

Now with your left hip, start the downswing. As the body unwinds, it pulls the left arm down into the hitting area and straightens the left knee, so as to carry the shifting weight. At this point, your left hip is turned well out of the way of the shot, clearing the path for the straight left arm. Consciously keep your left hand in control of the downswing and keep your right elbow in close to your body.

At the moment of impact, your arms are straight and you get a sensation of hitting against the left side. Immediately after the impact, relax your right side, keep your head down, and follow through the swing, reaching out after the flight of the ball with your club. Your right shoulder passes around the center of your body while the left one rises on an arc. As the swing is completed the head remains down.

Remember that golf is not a matter of brute strength, but of co-ordination and rhythm. Don't watch the ball. As an experiment, try blindfolding yourself, so that you concentrate on the swing. You'll probably do very well. Did you know there's a blind golfer whose scores are enviable?



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Luncheons, Dinners, Teas, Parties—and for  
the most delightful of year 'round gifts.

#### MAIL COUPON FOR SAMPLES START EARNING AT ONCE!

Send no money. Just fill out and mail coupon below for  
actual sample 21-Card "Feature" Christmas Assortment, sent  
on approval. We will include full details of complete line  
and money-making plans. Mail the coupon **NOW**.

**WALLACE BROWN, INC.**

**225 Fifth Ave., Dept. H-120, New York 10**

**WALLACE BROWN, INC.**

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Please rush me sample 21-Card "Feature" Christmas Assortment on  
approval, and full details of your complete line and money-making plans.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

#### CLUB LEADERS!

Raise money for your club treasury! Members of your club can earn welcome dollars easily—for camp expense, equipment, supplies. Check coupon if you want details of Special Club Money-Raising Plan.

I am a club  
leader. Please  
send samples,  
and details of  
your Special  
Money-Raising  
Plan for Clubs.  
Club No. ....

Putting is important and that's something you can practice on the parlor rug with inexpensive commercial putting cups or simple circles made of twine. Putting competition makes a lively party game that's fun for everybody, and may even win you some golf converts!

Of course there's more to golf than you could possibly get out of one short article. Once you've mastered the fundamentals of grip, stance, addressing the ball, swing, putting, you'll want to know more about clipping, pitching, sand-trap shots, slicing, and hooking. Your local library will have books on golf, and just studying the pictures will give you some good tips. If it's at all possible, watch golfers, particularly if there are any championship matches in your community. Studying their form will teach you a lot. If there's a driving range in your neighborhood, take advantage of it. It's an excellent place to practice, as you can study the destination, direction, and distance of your ball easily. One thing, though—don't exhaust yourself practicing. Better do it for shorter and more frequent periods.

One last word. Although golf is the friendliest game in the world, it has its own particular etiquette, too, but you can sum most of it up in "consideration." Don't talk when another player is addressing the ball and stay out of his line of vision so that you won't distract him. If you're playing a foursome, and a twosome follows you on the course, it's courteous to wave the twosome through ahead of you. And study a rule book until you've picked up the information that will make you extra welcome on the greens.

Who knows—you may even be championship material! Here's wishing you sunny days, sporty courses, and may you break a hundred soon!

THE END

## Tanglewood

(Continued from page 19)

Tanglewood, and many of the students are on scholarships, or are working under the G. I. Bill of Rights.

You take a taxi or the school bus, because the station is three miles from the town of Lenox, where you are to stay. The town itself is one of the loveliest in New England. The driver points out the sights—the white church on the hill, the monument, and the two-hundred-year-old elms arching over the streets.

Many of the private homes in the vicinity take guests during the Festival, and in one of them Harriet has found you a tiny room for the week end. She herself lives down the Stockbridge Road at the Lenox School for Boys, which during the summer is turned into a dormitory for women students at the Berkshire Music Center. Every available bed is assigned, but you are invited to dinner there, and this is your first sight of Harriet, who has been so busy with her studies. You meet some of her friends—student flutists, cellists, singers, conductors, and many others—and you listen to snatches of conversation around you. It is music, music, music on all sides. You hear Dr. Koussevitzky's name mentioned many times and you hope to catch a glimpse of his tweed-caped figure.

It being a Friday night, there will be a student concert, so you will get to see Harriet in action, and as she changes into a

white dress for the performance she tells you that the concert takes place in the big Music Shed. That is what it is called—a shed—but the modest name conveys nothing of the beauty of the structure.

It is shaped like a cut of pie, with the stage at the narrow end, and is of modern design with a strong Scandinavian functional influence. The floor is the earth, and the vast roof, measuring more than an acre, is supported by such delicate-looking steel columns that you will wonder how they can bear so much weight. But they give a feeling of incredible lightness, and the three open sides make for perfect ventilation even on the warmest August day. While the orchestra is tuning up, you notice the magnificent acoustics. Six thousand listeners are seated in the Shed and hundreds more are on the grass outside.

Finally the lights go down and the concert begins. It is hard to believe that such music can come from a group of students. The program is interesting—a Mozart overture, two movements of the Brahms Fourth Symphony, the entire Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto No. 2 (with a student as soloist, of course), and Aaron Copland's lovely Appalachian Spring. There are three conductors, two of them students and one a faculty member. It is an exciting evening.

Next morning you do a little exploring of Tanglewood's beautiful grounds. There is the "Little Red House," an exact reproduction, erected by the National Federation of Music Clubs, of the cottage where Hawthorne lived and worked in 1850 and 1851. There are formal gardens and woods—and everywhere music. It seems to come out of the trees themselves, but you soon find that students are practicing in secluded spots outdoors and in the individual practice sheds scattered over the grounds.

Farther down the narrow road is beautiful Lake Mahkeenac, surrounded by the lovely Berkshire Hills. You will have a swim there on Tanglewood's own stretch of lake front in the afternoon, but right now it is time for the traditional picnic lunch on the lawn between the Main House and the outdoor cafeteria. Harriet points out many musical celebrities and talented students taking the sun on the grass, and you have a chance to chat with some of them.

Saturday night you skip whatever musical event may be on at Tanglewood in favor of a party in the near-by town of Great Barrington. Most of the guests are students from the Center, and you understand more than ever why Harriet is so excited about this school. They are a fine, lively crowd, the kind you want for your friends.

Sunday morning there is a program of chamber music in the Theater-Concert Hall, a more enclosed structure than the Shed and seating only twelve hundred persons. This is where the opera department gives its performances—two years ago Benjamin Britten's new opera, "Peter Grimes," was played here for the first time in America; last summer the American premiere of Mozart's "Idomeneo"; and this year "The Turk In Italy," by Rossini.

You have admired the building, both inside and out, and would like to attend a performance there, but instead you decide to go to church in Stockbridge, where as the musical part of the service, a girls' chorus organized among the students, and a string orchestra, which includes Harriet and her violin, are doing a program composed of a work by Bach and an oratorio of Per-

golesi. Yes, the students at Tanglewood make their contribution to the life of the community even in the brief time they are there. That is the spirit of the place—not how much you get, but how much you will be able to give to others because of your experience.

Sunday afternoon is the high point of your stay, a concert by the full Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitzky. It is a magnificent picture—the hundred men of that great orchestra in their spotless white coats. You have never dreamed of such a big audience at a musical event. Every one of the six thousand seats in the shed is taken, and there are twice that number seated on blankets and cushions on the grass outside. In all, some eighteen thousand people, from miles around, have bought tickets for this Festival concert, and many of them reserved their seats far in advance.

There is a tremendous ovation for the entrance of Koussevitzky, also dressed in white. For two hours you are lost in the beauty of the music and it is like awakening after a wonderful dream when you realize you haven't too much time before you have to catch the late afternoon train back to New York.

As you sink into your train seat, tired but happy, you turn through your program as if trying to hold on to the happiness of this golden day. Your eye falls on a fragment from a speech by Dr. Koussevitzky and you know that it is true:

"In a time when we seem unable to find a common contact and means of understanding each other, the Berkshire Music Center and its fine young student body are dedicated to an art which, more than any other, speaks a language accessible to all."

THE END

## Shampoo For Two

(Continued from page 24)

rinse out well, and will have a dull, cloudy look. For an extra special shampoo, add the white of an egg (mixed slightly with a knife) to the second shampoo water—your glossy mane will be the talk of the town.

Last, but not least, make sure Jane rinses your hair thoroughly (alternating hot with warm rinses) because little flakes on the scalp, often mistaken for dandruff, may be only soap left in the hair. Finish with a cold rinse to stimulate the scalp and close the pores. Less colds, you know.

If the water in your community is hard, containing lots of minerals, and you've used a soap shampoo, you may find it difficult to rinse your hair. Then get ready for the de luxe rinse which banishes soap "film" (caused by the soap's alkali mixing with the water's minerals) and eliminates that "I-just-washed-my-hair-and-can't-do-a-thing-with-it" look. To make your hair look as though kleig lights were focused on it, try one of these rinses:

### For blonds:

Lemon rinse. Add strained juice of small lemon to one pint of warm water. Follow with regular cool rinse.

### For brunettes and redheads:

Vinegar rinse. Add two tablespoons vinegar to one pint of warm water. Follow with regular cool rinse.

### For dry hair, split ends, or a too-tight perm:

Hot-oil rinse. Four drops of olive oil to one cup of hot water. Hold the ends of the

hair over washbowl and pour the oil rinse through the ends (not over the entire scalp) two or three times. This should be the final rinse.

**For oily hair:**

Eau de cologne rub. Pour a little eau de cologne or alcohol on your fingertips, rub into your scalp and hair, then dry quickly.

Your hair is stronger if it is dried immediately, and no shiny, hot-air drier can ever take the place of two hands and a towel. Have Jane comb your hair with her fingers and shake it while it is drying. And for a tonic and pick-me-up for running hair, there's nothing like drying it in the sun.

Comb and brush all washed? All right then. Next please!

THE END

## Salad Days

(Continued from page 23)

the sharp tines of a kitchen fork; then cut crosswise into thin slices.

Wash and drain the watercress, spinach or endive and add the leaves to the lettuce. Roll these greens in a clean towel or a double thickness of cheesecloth and put in a very cold part of the refrigerator.

Wash the green pepper, slice into thin rings, discarding seeds and fibers, and add to the cucumber, along with the chives and parsley, both minced. Sprinkle about 1 tablespoon of French dressing over these, cover the bowl with waxed paper, and set it in the refrigerator.

Wash and skin the tomatoes. To skin, drop them for a moment or two into a bowl of very hot water, then spear them out with a fork, peel quickly, and chill.

When ready to mix the salad, rub the salad bowl with a little French dressing, or with a cut clove of garlic, if you and your friends like that flavor. Quarter the tomatoes, and put in the salad bowl with the other ingredients. Now add 2 or 3 tablespoons of French dressing. Don't throw it on, but after you shake the bottle, pour a little into a tablespoon and sprinkle it over the greens, using a long fork and spoon to lift and turn them lightly, so that the salad dressing mixes evenly and coats all. Don't be skimpv with the dressing, but don't drown the salad in it either. It takes practice to mix and coat a tossed salad just so—the tablespoon method of adding the dressing helps you to control the amount you use.

For variety, add a sprinkling of crumbled Blue or Roquefort cheese to the top of the salad. Or add 4 tablespoons minced cooked ham; or 4 tablespoons minced Swiss cheese. That's called a chef's salad—and it's powerful good eating.

### CREAMY SALMON SALAD ROLLS

7 1/2 oz. can salmon	1 tablespoon minced onion
1/2 cup creamed cottage cheese	1 teaspoon lemon juice
3/4 cup diced celery	1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup chopped green pepper	1/4 teaspoon pepper
4 large frankfurter rolls	

Drain the salmon, pick out bones and skin. Flake the fish apart with a fork, and mix it with the cottage cheese, celery, green pepper, onion, and lemon juice. Season with salt and pepper. Add 3 to 4 tablespoons of French dressing, or mayonnaise, and mix lightly. Put in a glass or china bowl, cover

with waxed paper, and chill in the refrigerator for 1 hour or longer.

When ready to serve, slit rolls lengthwise and stuff with the chilled salad mixture. Garnish with any crisp green, such as a sprig of watercress or parsley. Makes 4 servings.

### HEARTY CHEESE SALAD

1 cup diced leftover meat	1/4 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup cooked peas	1/4 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup diced celery	1/4 lb. (1/4 cup) Cheddar or yellow cheese, diced
1/4 cup chopped sweet pickle	1/4 cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon finely minced onion	2 tablespoons chili sauce

In a small mixing bowl combine the meat, peas, celery, pickles, onion, and cheese. Season with salt and pepper. Blend the mayonnaise and chili sauce, add to other ingredients and mix lightly. Cover with waxed paper and chill in the refrigerator for 1 hour or longer.

To serve, arrange a crisp, cup-shaped lettuce leaf on each of four salad plates, and pile the salad into them. Salty crackers are good with this; so are small buttered rolls.

### HAWAIIAN SUMMER SALAD

8 firm, ripe tomatoes	1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 cup cooked chicken	1/4 cup mayonnaise
1 cup canned crushed pineapple	French dressing and extra salt
1/2 cup diced celery	
1/4 teaspoon salt	

Wash the tomatoes, cut out the blossom end and scoop out a good bit of the center, basket-fashion, as in the photograph. Mix this pulp with the chicken, drained pineapple, and celery, season with the salt and lemon juice, and add the mayonnaise.

Season the inside of each tomato basket with a little salt and a few drops of French dressing. Fill the tomatoes with the chicken and pineapple mixture, cover with waxed paper, and chill at least 1 hour.

Corn bread, spread with butter and apple butter, is good with this; or Boston brown bread with cottage cheese and marmalade.

THE END

### Here's the handy coupon for ordering AMERICAN GIRL Recipe-File folders:

I enclose .....¢ in stamps for .....copies of the AMERICAN GIRL Recipe File No. 9. To make my cooking file complete, please send me also:

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I enclose 6¢ in stamps for each Recipe File, and a stamped, self-addressed business-size envelope for every two copies ordered.

Name..... (please print)

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Don't forget to enclose your stamped envelope!

MAIL TO: THE AMERICAN GIRL

Cookbook Dept.

155 East 44th St., New York City 17

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**you'll make plenty money and have FUN doing it!**

If you want extra cash to buy Christmas presents or to help out your School, Church Group, etc., listen to this: You can earn all the money you want—easy as "pie"! Take orders for our amazing Christmas and Everyday Cards. Show beautiful Box Assortments for only \$1.00, each containing a generous supply of stunning Folders.

### NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

Call on relatives, neighbors, parents of friends and others after school, on Saturdays and holidays or during vacation. No one will turn you down when they see what luxurious Christmas Card and Everyday Folders you offer at rock-bottom low prices! And—each sale pays you a BIG CASH PROFIT.



### Show America's Loveliest Greeting Cards

Luxurious creations in **Name-Imprinted** Christmas Folders at 50¢ for \$1 sell by the hundreds. Splendid profits on each easy sale! More money-makers including famous "Feature" Assortment of 21 Christmas Cards at \$1.00 pays you up to 50¢ CASH PROFIT per box. You offer 29 other Assortments including Religious, Imperial, Everyday and Gift Wraps. Also Name-Imprinted and Decorated Stationery. You can buy all your Christmas Gifts with the money you earn selling our beautiful greeting cards—and have a bank balance too.

**Get Started at Once!** Begin making those easy, extra dollars **right away**. Act now! Fill out the coupon below and mail it today for your **FREE SAMPLES** of Personal Christmas Cards and "Feature" Assortment on approval.

**FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, INC.**  
127 Adams Street, Elmira, N. Y.

**FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, INC.**  
127 Adams St., Elmira, N. Y.  
Yes, I would like to make **EXTRA MONEY**. Send **FREE** Personal Christmas Card Samples and "Feature" Assortment on approval.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....  
 Please include **Free Personal Stationery Catalog**

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You make big money showing FREE samples of 1948 Artists Award Personal Christmas Cards. **Nationally advertised.** Sell 50 Folders with Name Imprinted for only \$1. Gorgeous new designs. Experience not needed—folks sell themselves on amazing value! You make big profit.

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MAKE EASY MONEY FAST  
Gorgeous Satin and Velour Designs  
Show Rich New Satin and Velour Cards never before offered. Amazing Value! Get easy orders fast! Gorgeous Christmas Cards with name, 50 for \$1 up. New features, clever ideas. Pay up to 100% cash profit. Imprinted Stationery, 20 other money-makers sell at 60¢ to \$1.00. Samples on Approval. PURO CO., 2801 Locust, Dept. 81-K, St. Louis 3, Mo.

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Take easy orders, earn big cash profits! Lovely, colorful Everyday or Christmas assortments feature glistening "Relief Seals," in personal alias each card. Profitable "Business Center Blotter," our gift to help you get more sales. Sell friends, relatives, business people \$1 box—make 50¢ cash fast—100% profit! GREATEST VALUE EVER OFFERED. Write today for samples on approval.

HOUSE OF HARMON • DEPT. 6-1 • HARMON, N.Y.

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MAKE \$25 or more, quickly, in spare time for yourself or your clubs, showing beautiful WriteWell Christmas Cards. Gift Wrappings, etc. Costs nothing to try. Credit to club leaders. Samples on approval. **WriteWell Co., 100A Transit Bldg., Boston, Mass.**

# Jokes

### LAZY LURE

JOE: Haven't you caught any fish?  
BILL: No, I don't think my worm is  
trying.

Sent by JULIA CRUZ, Powell, Wyoming

### REPEAT

A man telephoned his doctor, asking him to come as quickly as possible. "My wife has appendicitis."

The doctor retorted, "Nonsense! I took your wife's appendix out three years ago, and I never heard of anyone having a second appendix."

To which the husband replied, "Ever hear of anyone having a second wife?"

Sent by JANE THOMPSON, Maywood, California

### CONFIRMATION

SHE: This is an ideal spot for a picnic.  
HE: It must be. Fifty million insects  
can't be wrong.

Sent by TERESA F. WALSH, Rumford, Rhode Island

### TOOTHY

JANE: What has no head, no mouth,  
but lots of teeth?

LARAIN: I can't imagine.

JANE: A comb.

Sent by VEDA PETERSON, Fairview, Utah

### COUNTRIFIED

VISITOR: I never saw so many flies. Don't you ever shoo them?

OLD MAN: No, we just let them go barefooted.

Sent by GAIL JACKSON, Baytown, Texas

### LIFE WITH LIL

by Merryleen



### EYE, EYE, SIRI

The sailor was recounting his experiences to an old lady when she interrupted him to ask, "But what rank did you hold?"

"Ship's oculist, lady," was the reply. "I scraped the eyes out of potatoes."

Sent by NELWYN WILLIFORD, Ruby, Louisiana

### LACK OF SPIRIT

JOE: How come you're at home, Jack, haven't you got a job?

JACK: I'm a ghost writer.

JOE: Then why aren't you writing?

JACK: Because the spirit doesn't move me.

Sent by DOROTHY LUND, Long Beach, California



### OUR AUGUST COVER

Here's June Ross again—you liked her so well as our March Cover Girl. And with her, taking careful note of her "Teen Club" dress, is Sandy Mattigan. He's especially intrigued with the wide cummerbund and tiny mandarin collar. June likes the idea of the one piece dress with a two-piece look. Of soft wool and rayon, it comes in green with gray and wine, tan with brown and green, or gray with green and wine. Teen sizes 7-15, about \$13.00. June's matching pin and bracelet set inspired by a Scotch shield, is by Werthley.

## YOU CAN BUY

*the Cover dress and the American Girl Fashions featured on pages 25-27 at any of the following stores:*

**Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

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**J. N. Adam & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.**

**Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Baltimore, Md.**

**Baker Co., Minneapolis, Minn.**

**Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati, Ohio**

**L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.**

**May Co., Denver, Colo.**

**Davison-Paxon, Atlanta, Ga.**

**Meier & Frank, Portland, Oregon**

**The Fair, Chicago, Ill.**

**Milwaukee Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wis.**

**Famous-Barr, St. Louis, Mo.**

**Pomeroy's, Harrisburg, Pa.**

**Filene's, Boston, Mass.**

**Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.**

**Gertz, Jamaica, N. Y.**

**Weber's, New Rochelle, N. Y.**

**Halliburton's, Oklahoma City, Okla.**

**Whitney's, Albany, N. Y.**

**Heironimus, Roanoke, Va.**

**Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.**

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Here is the most daring, most comfortable, most glamorizing bra you've ever worn! Its secret is a narrow flexible feather boning through the center of the satin cups that uplifts and supports, molds the breast to enchantingly lovely lines. No straps, no wires, no gadgets. And it won't slip or sag—guaranteed to do amazing things for your figure, or it costs you nothing! Colors nude, black, and white. Size: A cup—30-36; B cup—32-38.

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# In Step with the Times

by LLOYD WELDON

## Scientist President

More than sixty years ago, in a school in the sprawling hamlet of Motele, near Pinsk, Russia, a small boy wrote an essay declaring that the Jewish people should be given Palestine as a homeland.

Today that boy, Chaim (pronounced High-im, with a guttural "H") Weizmann, at the age of seventy-three has become president of the new Jewish state of Israel. A broad-shouldered, almost bald man with a gray mustache and goatee, he is a world-famous scientist and a linguist who can converse in seven languages—yet his brilliance as a scholar has been almost completely overshadowed by his reputation as a leader in the Zionist movement.

The son of a lumber merchant in Russia, he was one of a family of fifteen children. Despite family poverty he was sent to the Universities of Freiburg and Berlin, where his interest in Palestine as a Jewish homeland became the greatest thing in his life. When he went to Switzerland and England to teach, this man with the serene yet forceful personality won hundreds of students to his cause.

During the first World War, when England was desperate for ammunition, he invented a new process to make acetone from horse chestnuts instead of wood.

After the war Lloyd George, then foreign minister, asked him to name his own reward.

"I want just twenty minutes with the Cabinet," he answered. The result was the Balfour Declaration, in which Britain pledged herself to establish a Jewish homeland.

Dr. Weizmann is the inventor of a chemical process for obtaining raw materials for paints, dyes, and plastics from oil, and during the second World War made valuable experiments in perfecting synthetic rubber. In 1918, he laid the cornerstone, in Jerusalem, for the world's first Hebrew university, and in 1944 he was honored by American Jews with the establishment of the Weizmann Institute of Science at Rehoboth, Palestine, in recognition of his achievements.

This year, when he was elected Israel's first President, he accepted the honor with enthusiasm. "I am one who has spent his life working for the Zionist cause," said Chaim Weizmann. "There is a drop of my blood in every house and barn in Israel."

## President's Residence

Can you imagine George Washington carrying on the business of our country in a house not far from the Brooklyn Bridge, in one of the ugliest sections of New York City?



Yet if you were to visit the site of our country's very first White House, that's the kind of spot you'd see today.

George Washington came to New York for his first inaugural by boat from Mount Vernon, landing at the foot of Wall Street. He rode in a carriage to what is now called Franklin Square, to the first White House, a square, three-story white house, and one of the finest examples of colonial architecture in New York. It had been chosen for him by joint Senate and House resolution and splendidly decorated.

## QUICKIE QUIZ

Did you know that many people, famous in other fields, have at one time been teachers or educators? See how many of these you can identify:

1. A patriot who declared "I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."
2. A famous Negro who found hundreds of new uses for peanuts and soy beans.
3. A war general who has been named president of a great university.
4. A star of the stage and screen.
5. Three United States presidents who taught school in their youth.

## ANSWERS

1. Nathan Hale
2. George Washington Carver
3. Dwight Eisenhower
4. Monty Woolley
5. William McKinley, Grover Cleveland, Woodrow Wilson

development, and at the urging of the People's League, they plan to reconstruct the original White House as a public museum and library, and a home for future Presidents of the United States when they visit New York City. Thus this spot will become another landmark in the history of our country.

## Lights That Never Fail

From the days of the early Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, when bonfires atop piles of stone lighted the way for ships at sea, lighthouses have been the centers of romance and adventure.

In our own country, the Lighthouse Service, established at the first session of Congress at the suggestion of Alexander Hamilton, was abolished as a separate service on its 150th anniversary in 1939, and although the Coast Guard still is operating thousands of lighthouses, they are slowly being replaced by less colorful scientific inventions such as radar and radio beams.

Let's look at some of these picturesque and useful lighthouses, before their beacons are extinguished forever.

There's the Boston Light, the oldest in North America, which has been guiding ships in and out of Boston Harbor since 1716. Its beacon was never dimmed until the last war, when military authorities thought it might light the way for enemy bombers.

There's the Absecon Light at Atlantic City, a 167 foot landmark built in 1854 off the rocky shores. In the past ninety-odd years the coastline has shifted, until now the light is a long city block away from the ocean, and has been made a museum!

There's the Sandy Hook Light, marking the entrance into New York Harbor. It was built with lottery funds in 1764, and dismantled temporarily in 1776 so that it would not serve as a guide to the British.

There's the light at Biloxi, Mississippi, which was so close to the water that high waves once washed away the soil on one side, so that it looked like the famous Leaning Tower of Pisa. Engineers dug the earth out on the opposite side and the tower settled into a straight position.

Cape Hatteras is the tallest light. The oldest lighthouse on the Great Lakes is at Buffalo, built in 1818; and the oldest on the Pacific Coast is at San Francisco.

The life of a lighthouse keeper is desperately lonely and often hazardous, yet hundreds of men (and women, too) have lived it, through their own choice, for years, and claim they love it.

THE END

August, 1948

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